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BEFORE "THE CRIME OF '73."

THIS IS THE ONLY KIND OF MONEY LITTLE WILLIE BRYAN EVER SAW IN "THE GOOD OLD FREE-COINAGE DAYS."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

NEW YORK CITY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1896.

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Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

The Nation's Honor must be Preserved.

For President,

WILLIAM McKINLEY, OF OHIO.

For Vice-President,

GARRET A. HOBART, OF NEW JERSEY.

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY, August 1 to November 7, Inclusive, will be mailed on receipt of One Dollar.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY, *as you are doubtless aware, is a strong advocate of sound money. Not only are its reading columns filled with clear and convincing statements as to the exact meaning of the 16-to-1 craze, but its illustrations are strong arguments in favor of the present money standard.... To me it appears to be the journal most likely to influence the public,.....in this crisis, toward voting a sound-money ticket.*"—W. C. EDGAR, Manager, *The Northwestern Miller.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE FARMER'S VOTE.

THE advocates of free coinage are counting more confidently upon the votes of the agricultural population than upon those of any other class of society. The reason is that the farmers are believed to be more accessible than other people to those arguments which appeal to a discontented state of mind. The farmer, although naturally of a conservative temper, has the reputation of being a constitutional grumbler—almost always finding fault with the weather as it affects the growing of his crops, as well as with the condition of the market in which his products are to be sold. It requires an extraordinary concurrence of fortunate circumstances to elicit from him an expression of entire satisfaction with his lot. The seclusion of his existence and his remoteness from the activities of commercial life are apt to render him suspicious of those with whom he has mercantile dealings, and he is easily made to believe that others are eager to take advantage of him. It must be admitted that this disposition has in our times found much to feed upon, owing to the great changes in economic conditions which the industrial developments of our age have brought upon us.

The introduction of agricultural machinery which enables the farmer to raise larger crops at less expense, and of means of transportation which take his products from the farm to the market at a large reduction in time and cost, seemed at first a very fine thing to him, and he welcomed it heartily. But he soon found that he had overestimated the advantages he would personally derive from it; for it turned out that these great improvements in methods of production and transportation very much augmented the competition his products had to contend with in the world's market. This competition necessarily resulted in a decline of the prices of agricultural staples, which very disagreeably surprised him. He felt himself in a certain sense wronged, and in looking round for the party or parties responsible for this wrong, his eye fell first upon the railroads. He suspected them of taking from him an undue share of the profits rightfully belonging to him, and he sought to force them by legislation to lower their freight rates. That some of the railroad companies tried to take all they could need not be questioned. The remedial legislation, however, miscarried in almost every instance. But the competition among the railroads themselves or with water conveyance at last accomplished that lowering of freights which the farmer had vainly attempted to bring about by legislative regulation. Freight rates in the United States dropped far lower than they are in any other country. This aided our farmers greatly in competing with other countries in the markets of the world, but it did not have that effect of upholding prices which they had hoped for.

It is evident that the farmer, in order to prosper under these circumstances, has to do what persons in other pursuits, the manufacturer and the merchant, have had to do, and have done—that is, he has to adapt his schemes of husbandry and his calculations and methods to the new order of things. He has to pay much greater attention than heretofore to the commercial side of his business. He has to inform himself about the most economical means of production, about the best-paying varieties of farm products, about the probabilities of competition to be met, and so on. This necessity of breaking out of old ruts, and of abandoning old ways of thinking and doing, is to many farmers a source of mental trouble. They would avoid it as long as they can, and therefore look to all sorts of expedients to relieve them of it. The free-coinage agitators had, therefore, some reason to hope that a large number of farmers would see in the establishment of the silver standard a royal road to that rise in the prices of the agricultural staples which farmers so much desire. And it cannot be denied that this agitation did succeed in winning among our agricultural population many adherents to the free-coinage cause so long as the talk was all on one side.

But the talk is no longer all on one side, and there is abundant evidence that the reaction against free coinage among the farmers has set in. They begin to perceive that there are a great many agriculturists who prosper under present circumstances, which conclusively proves that farmers *can* prosper, present prices notwithstanding, if, instead of merely complaining of the apparent disadvantages of the situation, they prudently and energetically take hold of the advantages it offers. They also discover in a great many instances that they are in not nearly as bad a condition as the professional "calamity-howlers" had so vociferously told them that they were. Having arrived at this state of mind, they easily understand that the higher prices for their products offered by the silver standard are a mere deception to the unwary; that they not only will be offset by the higher prices of everything the farmers have to buy, but that the general and disastrous business disturbance sure to follow a sudden change in the standard of value will hurt the interests of the farmer as much as those of anybody else. They cannot fail to recognize the obvious fact that the time they have squandered on the study of currency tricks to improve their prices, might have far more advantageously been devoted to the study and practical development of those methods by which under present economic conditions they can best serve their interests, and that any further time spent on schemes of currency juggling will be time lost. That this way of looking at things is becoming prevalent among farmers has been strikingly demonstrated by the result of the State election in Vermont, where the farmers cast a very large majority of the vote. There is good reason for hoping that the Western farmers will repel the blandishments of the free-silver doctrine as decidedly as their Eastern brethren have done. Their cause is the same.

UNTIMELY MODERATION.

MANY excellent people, who undoubtedly have the good of the country at heart, are writing and talking about present political conditions with a strange and untimely philosophy. They ought to bear in mind that there are some problems that cannot be discussed until after it has been determined that they are to remain problems at all. For example, Mr. JOHN E. RUSSELL, of Massachusetts, among others, has stated in effect that the honest followers of Mr. BRYAN have grievances of which they have a right to complain, and against the continuance of which they have the right to rebel, and he advises that ministers of the Gospel shall urge moderate counsels, and the discussion of remedies for these grievances, saying that it is the duty of those who differ from Mr. BRYAN's honest followers to suggest other remedies, and to discuss with temperateness the relative merits of their suggestions and the demands and assertions of the Chicago platform.

It is true that grievances exist, and that radical remedies ought to be applied to them. Every reader of the WEEKLY knows that it is not satisfied with existing political conditions. But the political conditions that existed before the Chicago convention do not now furnish the topics for political debate. New conditions have been brought into existence, and new questions have grown out of the nomination of Mr. BRYAN by the Chicago convention and by the acceptance at St. Louis of the Chicago surrender to Populism. It is first necessary to save the nation's honor. We are now engaged in the task of preventing the application of remedies that would be tenfold worse in their effect upon the country than the grievances which they are intended to cure.

Mr. RUSSELL is wrong in supposing that this is a time for the discussion of the relative merits of remedies. The opportunity to do that is not presented to us. The only topic for discussion is the remedy proposed by the Chicago platform. The supporters of Mr. BRYAN do not ask us to suggest other remedies. They tell us what their remedy is, and demand that we shall take it or defeat their effort to administer it to the body-politic. Those who hold, as we do, and as we hope that Mr. RUSSELL does, that the remedy proposed at Chicago will bring almost unprecedented evils upon the country, are in duty bound to take up the challenge which has been issued to the friends of national integrity and to the supporters of law and order. This is not the time for discussing other remedies. Mr. BRYAN and his supporters compel us to discuss their remedies. Moreover, we cannot discuss them with the coolness with which real problems of government should be always approached. Mr. BRYAN's party do not present such problems to us. They present to us war-cries against civilization, some of which may once have been problems, but these were settled generations ago, and have since been regarded by all statesmen as questions of crude eras when the human race was taking its first steps in the march of civilized government. The issues of the campaign involve an attack upon the integrity of the government, and therefore those who defend the government must meet the assault, if they are to meet it adequately, with all the fervor and passion of patriotism. The kind of cool moderation which Mr. RUSSELL advises may be manifested in the consideration of questions which may be properly settled by compromise, but it cannot govern the efforts of those who feel that they are fighting for the institutions that are dearest to them, for the preservation not only of the material prosperity of the country, but of the good name and fame of the republic, for the maintenance of the democratic form of government itself, against an attack whose success, in some respects, would be more disastrous to humanity than would have been the triumph of the secessionists.

The campaign has now sufficiently advanced to enable us to judge both Mr. BRYAN and his platform. Mr. BRYAN's election would mean, first, the depreciation of our currency. That would be very bad, and, as we have shown, especially bad for the farmer and the wage-earner. Many honest and sincere people are convinced that this change of the money standard would be beneficial to them and to the country. They have been grievously and grossly deceived. The experience of the world has settled this question against Mr. BRYAN, and no one can find in any speech that he has made any statement as to why free coinage of silver would remedy existing wrongs. In this contest this proposed remedy must win or be defeated, and those who foresee the evils that would inevitably result from Mr. BRYAN's triumph are not moved by the spirit of patriotism if they do not fight with the zeal of patriots.

But the currency question is not the whole of Mr. BRYAN's programme. The Constitution is the people's law for the restraint of the political branch of the government and of themselves. It is the decree of the people to their representatives in Congress which says, "Your laws must conform to this instrument." The Supreme Court is the body of trained experts who are the representatives of the people for the interpretation of their Constitution, and for its defence against assaults by the politicians and against outbursts of passion on the part of the people themselves. The great safeguards of our institutions are this Constitution and the Supreme Court, its guardian. It is of the essence of our republican government that both the Congress and the people themselves shall be restrained by the Constitution, and shall be compelled to make changes slowly and with deliberation. Mr. BRYAN and his party propose, on the other hand, that if the Supreme Court, in carrying out the design of the founders of the government, refuses to yield to the politicians' interpretations of the fundamental law, or to excited demands of an election, it shall obey the popular or representative will even if such obedience be compelled by packing the court. This is revolution, and the attempt to change our system of government is to be fought for with the fervor that inspired men to resist the assault of the South upon the Union.

These are two of the issues on which the voters of the country are contending. There are others hardly less important, and as especially demanding vigorous contention there are the propositions to repudiate national and private debts, to impair the obligations of contracts, to deprive the government of the power to meet expenses caused by extravagant appropriations, and to deny it the right to protect its property and its commerce against mob

rule. In conclusion, it must be added that Mr. BRYAN himself cannot longer be dealt with as an honest but misguided friend of the people. He has finally shown himself to be a designing, cunning, unscrupulous demagogue. He has struggled for political power by devious methods. He has played fast and loose with the Populists with as little principle as any "boss" could have manifested. He has accepted the aid of GORMAN and the fellowship of SEWALL, both living contradictions of his pretended anti-plutocratic crusade. In Chicago he undertook to array section against section, and since then he has persistently and wickedly sought to array class against class, the poor against the rich, the employed against the employer, regardless of the fact that even he must know that the welfare of the one depends upon the prosperity of the other.

Cold and calculating moderation in such a campaign is but a sign of lukewarmness.

MR. JONES HEARS FROM THE WAGE-EARNERS.

SENATOR JONES, the chairman of the National Committee appointed by the Chicago convention, made, last week, an important admission to a reporter of the New York *World*. If he is reported correctly, he said, "I find that the thing which hurts us most is the constant statement that free silver means a fifty-cent dollar; that it will cut wages in half."

Mr. JONES is now hearing from the working-men, to whom Mr. BRYAN has offered no explanation as to the way in which a fifty-cent dollar will buy as much as a full dollar. There is not a single speech, of the more than a hundred speeches which he has made, in which he has told the working-men how they and theirs are to be made more comfortable, and therefore happier, by a dollar worth only half as much as the dollar they are now receiving. He has contented himself with vague utterances, in which he has been supposed to indicate the belief that with higher prices employers of labor will feel so happy and be so filled with kindliness that of their own accord they will raise wages—in other words, that they will present to their working-men a part of the profits that may accrue to them through lowering the value of the dollar.

This is so absurd a proposition on its face that it is not strange that the wage-earners have examined it closely, and we have always been confident that examination by them would destroy the hopes of the Populists and their candidate so far as the "labor vote" is concerned. There is no economic fact better established by the experiences of the world than that labor is the first and greatest sufferer from a depreciated currency. It was so during the war, when our currency consisted of discredited greenbacks, "shinplasters," and postage-stamps. With silver monometallism it has been so in Chile, and is so in Mexico to-day. It will be so wherever governments undertake the impossible task of making fifty cents worth a dollar.

On the day on which Senator JONES's admission was made, Mr. BRYAN reached his home at Lincoln, Nebraska, where he was notified of his nomination by the silver party. On his way there, when the train reached Pacific Junction, Iowa, he made a speech, in the course of which he said, "The gold standard means that the dollar will buy more and more all the time." This is not true; but it is true that the gold dollar measures relative values more accurately than the silver dollar, and that it means twice as much as the silver dollar to the wage-earner, whose pay is regulated by the number of men who are looking for work and the amount of work that there is for them to do. But if it were true, no wage-earner can be induced to vote for silver by the threat that his gold dollar will buy him "more and more all the time" of the necessaries and comforts of life. Mr. BRYAN's assertion suggests the reason why Mr. JONES finds that the working-men are turning against silver. They have been looking for the explanation that Mr. BRYAN has not been able to give them, and they have found, of course, that if free coinage and silver monometallism shall prevail, their wages will buy them less and less all the time.

Mr. JONES is beginning to hear from those whose material interests will be disastrously affected by the triumph of his cause. He will probably hear next from the farmers. Finally he will hear from all the honest people of the country, who will be outraged by his programme of dishonor when they once fully understand it.

TURKISH MASSACRE RENEWED.

THE Eastern question has been again opened, and in the usual way—by massacre. The outbreak in Constantinople was in appearance occasioned by an attack on the Ottoman Bank by a band of Armenians. It is becoming apparent, however, that, as in so many other cases, the Turkish government must be held responsible even for that. For weeks there had been manifest among the Turks an increased surliness and readiness to stir strife. The Sultan had dismissed not only the Patriarch, the one man in whom the Armenians had found an undaunted champion, but the National Council, and had filled their places with men notorious for their subserviency to the Turks. Not a man concerned in the massacres of the past year had been punished, or even reprimanded. No one, surely, can be surprised that the revolutionist party should make a desperate effort to recover ground. It was undoubtedly a foolish and criminal attempt. The men knew perfectly well what would be the immediate result, and for the murder of the thousands who have fallen they must be held in a great degree responsible. The chief responsibility must, however, rest with the Turkish government. Not only did it not restrain the violence of the Moslem mob, but there is increasing evidence that it instigated it. Some believe that the very attack on the Bank was but the carrying out of a plan originally concocted in the Sultan's palace.

What will be the result? Will there be any change, or will the powers content themselves with vigorous notes, demands for indemnity for the outrages on foreigners and the destruction of foreign property, and lift not a finger to secure the punishment of the real criminals? Much will depend upon the course to be taken by Russia. The death of Prince LOBANOFF just at this juncture is a matter of international significance. More than any other one man has he been identified with the policy of non-intervention in Turkish matters, in pursuance of his greater policy of Panslavic aggrandizement. To him Turks, Kurds, Armenians, Nestorians, were simply so many pawns, all of equal value, to be sacrificed or advanced according to the immediate crisis in the game. There has not appeared in the whole conduct of the Russian Foreign Office a single hint that the terrible oppression under which the non-Greek Christians of Turkey suffered was regarded with any degree of abhorrence. Certainly no Russian official has lifted a finger to relieve them. From various sources it has become public that the Czar and Czarina have recently been apprised of the real nature of Turkish oppression and massacre, and have been much moved by the sentiment of the rest of the Christian world in regard to Russia's responsibility for them. It is said that the Czar sought to modify Prince LOBANOFF's stern, unbending policy, but failed. He has now an opportunity to inaugurate a different one. If he does not, then the full weight of censure from every Christian nation of the world should rest upon him. He has the power to make such massacres an impossibility. If he does not exercise that power he will be held responsible for them.

The Americans in Constantinople have not suffered in their persons, but their property has been destroyed, and they have been in serious danger. Minister TERRELL has been prompt and active, and our government, after quietly digesting the refusal of Turkey to give permit for a despatch boat nine months ago, has decided to send one without waiting for a permit. At the time of greatest necessity there was none there. All will wait with anxiety to get the news from Asia Minor. It will be remembered that the massacre at Constantinople last October was but the precursor of still more severe outrages all over the empire. Then Americans were endangered and their property destroyed. Not a single man has been punished and not a cent of indemnity secured. All over the land Turks are sneering at the American government as heedless and powerless. If disaster comes now the State Department will have to share with Minister TERRELL and the Turkish and Russian governments the responsibility.

MOSQUITOES AND MALARIA.

THAT all too familiar pest the mosquito has recently had brought against it an indictment even more serious than any hitherto placed to its account. It is charged by an English physician that the sanguinary dames of the mosquito household—for it seems that the males are not given to blood-sucking—are responsible for no less an evil than the transmission of the disease malaria. This charge in itself is interesting; but it becomes doubly so in virtue of the very roundabout way in which the malevolent feat is said to be accomplished. The mosquito does not simply transfer the germs of disease from one person directly to another, as flies are supposed sometimes to do. Its rôle of disease-transmitter is performed in a much more complicated and theatrical manner, as becomes a creature of its nocturnal habits and evil disposition.

It appears that the cause of malaria is a minute animal organism, technically known as the *plasmodium malariæ*, which gains access to the blood by way of the lungs or stomach, and takes up its abode in the red blood corpuscles, seriously interfering with the functions of those very important elements. Oddly enough, this interesting creature, once ensconced in the blood of a victim, though it can reproduce its kind for a time, cannot escape from the body of its host by any ordinary process. Hence it is that malaria is not contagious in the same way as most other germ diseases. Yet it chances that in order to complete the full cycle of its developmental history the plasmodium must pass through some stages of growth outside the human body. How is this to be accomplished, since the body of its unwilling host is to all intents and purposes a prison?

The reply is rather startling. If the investigators are not at fault, it is solely through the good offices of suctorial insects, of which the mosquito is the familiar type, that the descendants of malaria germs in human blood are liberated and enabled to complete the series of changes necessary to their full development. The mosquito, having made her sanguinary onslaught upon a subject who chances to be the victim of malaria, carries away a swarm of plasmodial germs in the drop of blood she has extracted. Flying to some neighboring pool of stagnant water, she deposits her eggs, and then falls dead beside them, such being the tragic custom of her tribe; and her offspring, when they make their appearance, a little later, in the form of aquatic "wrigglers," are very likely to devour the body of their parent. These cannibalistic creatures, becoming in their turn full-fledged mosquitoes, may carry the malaria germs thus ingested to distant fields, even far away from water. Being liberated on the death of its very short-lived host, the plasmodium may complete its development, and ultimately pass into the air, to be inhaled by some unfortunate human subject, who presently suffers in consequence from the usual manifestations of "chills and fever."

So it seems that the mosquito's share in the perpetuation and distribution of malaria germs is a very roundabout one, but it appears to be none the less effectual. The history as traced affords a curious illustration of the way in which one organism may depend upon another seemingly unrelated one for its very existence, and of the intricate linkings of cause and effect in nature. Who would have suspected, before this odd history was traced, that the abundance of mosquitoes in any given region and the prevalence of malaria there were facts having a causal relation one to the other?

SHEEHAN'S APPEAL.

IT is "significant of much," as the late Mr. CARLYLE used to put it, that Mr. JOHN C. SHEEHAN has published an appeal, as chairman of the Finance Committee of Tammany Hall, for contributions from the friends of BRYAN and, as at present advised, SEWALL. He exhorts them to come up to the help of the under dog against the mighty.

One of the significances of this circular is that it is very unusual for Tammany to make its appeal for funds in this overt way. Commonly the Wiskinskie—which we believe to be Iroquois for collector—puts the screws privately upon such members of Tammany as are enjoying the honors and emoluments of public office. But these are less numerous than they used to be, in the first place, and in the second, they see no reason why they should throw their or the public's money into the bottomless gulf of the BRYAN campaign. They are not even sure that they are for BRYAN, being not only in the position of the colored delegate to St. Louis from Texas who was "for sound money if he was treated right," but also requiring more assurance than they have that BRYAN has a chance for election.

A second significance of the appeal is in the source from which it comes. SHEEHAN and SULZER are about the only statesmen of Tammany who are clear that they are for BRYAN. They were suddenly impressed after his nomination with the desirableness of free silver, and they have remained of that mind. SHEEHAN himself intersperses his appeal with an argument for free coinage that must move the shades of ADAM SMITH and CERNUSCHI to spectral laughter. There is something extremely comic in SHEEHAN's assurance that he has been "studying up" on the money or any other question, the obvious fact being that for such a purpose he has no "plant." Nevertheless, he informs the "contribuables" of Tammany, with entire gravity, that the arguments of the gold bugs "are false, and are intended to deceive the masses," and that "it is the bounden duty of Tammany Hall to combat this evil" by sending checks to SHEEHAN. That the checks are not forth-coming shows that the rank and file, and, indeed, the leaders, of Tammany understand the personal aspects of "the money question" much better than SHEEHAN does.

Nevertheless there is a rational explanation of SHEEHAN and also of SULZER. While the men of intelligence and character in the Democratic party in New York promptly rejected the outcome of the Chicago convention, and while the prudent politicians without political principles, like the senior Senator from New York, were "this way and that dividing the swift mind" about ratifying, SHEEHAN and SULZER ratified with promptness, nay, with precipitation. As they might express it, they were taking the long odds on a rank outsider. If they won, they would win largely. In the remote contingency of BRYAN's election, his "original friends" SHEEHAN and SULZER would be the representatives of the administration and the leaders of its party in the State of New York. The smaller the party was, and the more men of character and standing fled from it, the more necessary it would be to recognize the few and faint but fearless SHEEHAN and SULZER. It was, indeed, a golden opportunity, if the people were fools enough to elect BRYAN. And SHEEHAN and SULZER are of the class who believe that the people are fools enough for anything.

For SHEEHAN in particular BRYAN's election would be a great thing. SHEEHAN has already had his successes. Leaving Buffalo under a dense cloud, produced by a suspicion of embezzlement, he came to New York and spread his disrepute until it was conterminous with the municipal limits. Within a few short years an investigating committee found him in possession of three bank accounts and a diamond of the second magnitude. If now he were to succeed the too procrastinating HILL as the leader of the party in New York, a bright future would open before him. It is painful to have to dim its brightness, but even SHEEHAN must now be aware that there is very small chance of the realization of his golden dream. Nobody is going to give him any money, neither is BRYAN going to be elected. So gloomy is the outlook that he must be nearly convinced that it is of no use for him to "play politics" this year. He had better, as he would put it, "play the races." His successors in the Police Department have made it hazardous to indulge in that dissipation in New York, but over in New Jersey it appears that horse-races may be speculated upon, to quote again a recently quoted dictum of the learned COKE, "under the protection of the law, and in the gladsome light of jurisprudence."

"BRITISH DOMINATION."

(THE PLAINT OF THE POPULIST.)

[All the Populist conventions complain of "British domination." Bryan said, at Buffalo, "We did not achieve independence for the purpose of bowing to the yoke of any foreign power."]

WHO wants to ape Great Britain? I vow *I* never will.
I can't forget we whipped her, or give up Bunker Hill;
So long as she wears Derby hats, or silk ones, with success,
Good Yankees should wear turbans, or else the Arab fez.

Since she insists on trousers, we ought to wear a gown;
And chairs we should not sit in, but, like the Turks, squat down;
And as she clings to coats and vests, if we are ever free
We must adopt the cue and shirt of Koang Sing-Wong-Lee.

I'm down on *Habeas Corpus*, and Jury Trial too.
Must we do only those things that English people do?
They've forced on us the doctrine that 2 and 2 make 4,
To which fallacious statement I won't yield any more.

What if the precious Income Tax is British as can be?
I'm certain that it bleeds the rich and favors poverty:
If there's a thing a Populist is sure not to forget,
'Tis warfare on the plutocrat and shirking honest debt.

Must we all wait for dollars until we get consent
To coin them as is ordered by the British Parliament?
No nation proud and noble such tyranny will bear,
For our disk should be a dollar you can pick up anywhere.

Just give unto us Popocrats the governmental will,
And dollars will be thick enough to crowd themselves up hill;
Nobody will be poor at all, the gold-bugs will be crushed,
And England and her minions will lie stranded in the dust.

JOEL BENTON.

JAMES LEWIS.

DR. GEORGE BROWN GOODE.

DR. GEORGE BROWN GOODE, assistant secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who had under his charge the United States National Museum at Washington, D. C., died of pneumonia, on the 6th of September, at Lanier Heights, an outlying portion of Washington. Dr. Goode was born in New Albany, Indiana, in 1851, and came from old New England stock. He was graduated at the Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut, in 1870. During his collegiate term he showed a marked preference for scientific studies, and particularly for natural history. Before securing his diploma he had the collections of the Wesleyan University placed under his supervision, and so almost at the start became familiar with the care of museums. In 1873 he was appointed a member of the staff of the Smithsonian Institution. The late Professor Spencer F. Baird, who was one of the most perceptive of men, appreciated Mr. Goode's many-sidedness, his administrative powers, and he gave him a leading place in the United States Commission of Fish and Fisheries. Under the guidance of Professor Baird, Professor Goode's work in this direction was remarkable. It may be insisted that much that has been accomplished in fish culture in the United States was due to the intelligent labor of these two men. It was not alone on the purely scientific side—the ichthyological one—that Professor Goode was so thoroughly at home, but he was most active in the study of the ways and habits of fish, always having in view the practical benefits to be derived from fish as food. When not at work either on the rivers or the coast, he was contributing, by means of his pen, to his stock of information. Professor Goode's published papers on ichthyology are numerous, and may be declared, even with the lights we have before us to-day, to be indisputable.

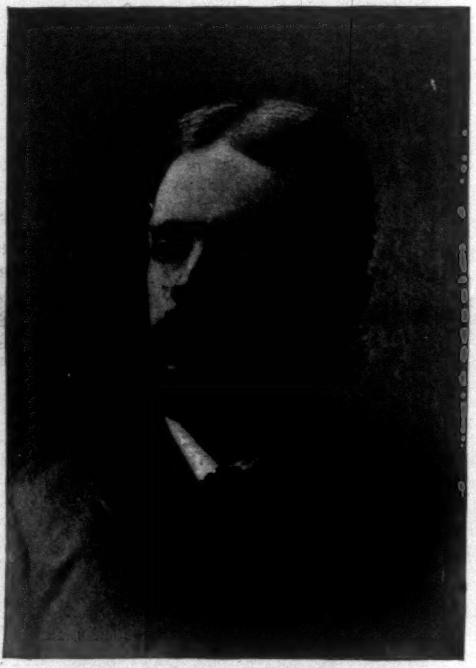
When the United States National Museum was established, it was placed under Professor Goode's immediate charge. The history of this museum has already been described in HARPER'S WEEKLY. There were many State departments in Washington where in lumber-rooms were stored away a vast amount of valuable material, which was utterly useless as far as it might benefit the general public. To bring together an inchoate mass; to classify, to catalogue the many objects, to place them properly on view, was a herculean task. Out of chaos soon, however, came order. Professor Goode had not only to care for the present, but for the future of this museum. And in the time to come, when in Washington will be found the most perfect assemblage of objects in the world, this collection, it will have to be remembered, was the result of Professor Goode's fostering care.

In 1873 Professor Goode was sent to the Philadelphia Exhibition as director of the National History Division. His services were so excellent that he was appointed United States Commissioner to the International Fishery Exhibition held in Berlin 1880, and to the London one in 1883. Professor Goode was a member of the executive boards of the government for the exhibitions held at New Orleans, Cincinnati, Louisville. Prior to that his services as an expert on the Halifax Fisheries Commission were notable. He represented the Smithsonian at the Columbian Exposition, and was a member of the board of awards at the Atlanta International Exhibition.

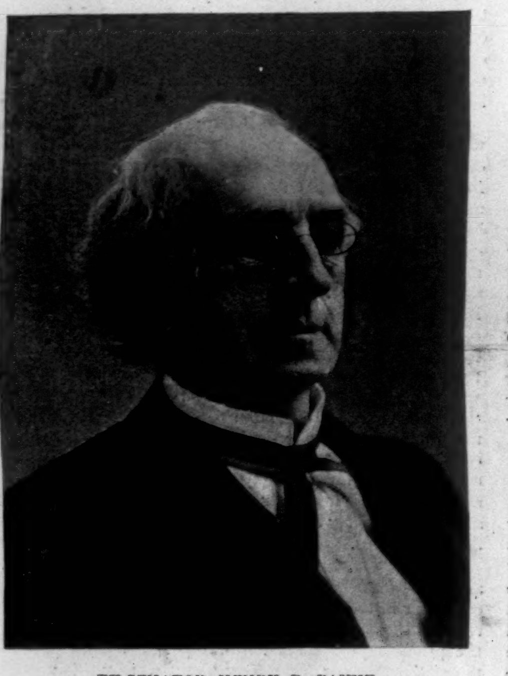
Personally, Professor Goode was of so happy a temperament as to endear him to all who were thrown into relationship with him. Perhaps no position could have been more arduous than when he represented the United States at great industrial and scientific exhibitions at home or abroad. If the preparation of the material took several years, as many more were occupied in the return of thousands of objects, or in the exchanges one country made with another. The claims of the United States National Museum were always on his mind. To have had the great museum of the country under his control necessitated a thoroughly accomplished man, and so, aside from pure science, his knowledge of art was cosmical. No man could have grasped the ends and aims of a museum more thoroughly and completely than did Professor Goode. His early death will be regretted as much at home as abroad.

A man must do his best, and knowing the arduous task allotted to him, may be willing to die in harness. If, then, anything shortened the years of George Brown Goode, it was overwork.

B. P.



GEORGE BROWN GOODE.



EX-SENATOR HENRY B. PAYNE.
Photographed by Bell.

EX-SENATOR HENRY B. PAYNE.

THE death, on September 9 last, of ex-United States Senator Henry B. Payne at his home in Cleveland, at the ripe old age of eighty-five, removes a man from the public eye who almost half a century ago was of sufficient prominence to become a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio. When one recalls Mr. Payne's personal history and political career he goes back to the days of the Free-Soilers and Whigs, and the exciting ante-bellum times exist again. The redoubtable Ben Wade defeated Mr. Payne for the United States Senate in 1851 by one vote, and that election was felt in the country's career for many years afterward. Thirty-three years later Mr. Payne was elected to the United States Senate, and served one term with dignity and credit.

Mr. Payne was born in Hamilton, Madison County, New York, on November 30, 1810. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1832, and the next year went to Cleveland, where he began the practice of law. He went into politics in 1848, when he became a Democratic Presidential elector. In 1851 he was elected to the State Senate. He was also a member of the City Council for several years. In 1857 he ran for Governor of Ohio against Salmon P. Chase, and was defeated. He was a delegate to the convention which nominated Buchanan for President. He was Douglas's especial friend and representative in the two Democratic National Conventions of 1860. He was elected to Congress in 1874, and became a member of the famous Electoral Commission. He was the author of the "Payne compromise" bill for the settlement of national financial troubles. This made him a candidate for President at the Cincinnati convention of 1880. Four years later he was elected to the United States Senate.

Mr. Payne was a man of large wealth. He became identified with the building of railroads in Ohio more than fifty years ago, and that made him rich. One of his daughters, now dead, was married to the Hon. W. C. Whitney, ex-Secretary of the Navy, whose son, Harry Payne Whitney, was married to Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt recently.

JAMES LEWIS, COMEDIAN.

To James Lewis, the comedian, whose sudden death at West Hampton, Long Island, on the 10th instant, must have seemed to thousands of his fellow-countrymen a sort of public calamity, we all owed a double debt of gratitude.

That the American people who are aware of the theatre and appreciate the best it has to offer were duly grateful to Mr. Lewis for what he did, for the wholesome fun that he diffused, for his rich and varied skill in the denotement of comic traits, is not doubtful. He was a successful man, honored and rewarded in his own country and others. London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, Paris and Berlin, recognized his admirable talent, and applauded it no less heartily than his compatriots.

But that he was ever properly esteemed for the thing he did not do, which ninety-nine in a hundred others of his calling would have done in the same circumstances, is not likely. When Mr. Lewis, at the height of his fame, was urged to become a "star," in 1877, he stoutly declined; and every temptation to have his name put in big letters on the dead-walls, his family history transformed into sensational fiction in the newspapers, and his abilities exaggerated in forcible-feeble English by hired puffers, that was offered to him by speculative managers in late years, he bravely resisted.

That Mr. Lewis would have been a successful "star" no one who has ever seen him act in a congenial rôle can doubt. He would have made more money, probably, if he had followed that course. But his fame would not have been more secure, his repertory would have been restricted, his talent would never have been thoroughly developed.

Technically he belonged to the race or line of comedians of which Harley and Buckstone in England, and Barnes in our grandfathers' times in New York, were illustrious representatives. But he was successful in types of character far removed from this restricted line. He was much more than a "low-comedian," though that term has dignity enough in the minds of persons versed in theatrical lore.

With a strong individuality and personal peculiarities that no artistic mask could hide, he created a perfect illusion in a great variety of rôles. And while unthinking persons may have said of him that he was "always Lewis," that was never true in the sense that Lester Wallack on the stage was frequently only Lester Wallack. Mr. Lewis, off the stage, was not a bit like Boucicault's Bob, Goldsmith's Lofty, Cibber's Trapanti, Farquhar's Sergeant Kite, Shakespeare's Touchstone, Grumio, Nick Bottom, or Sir Toby Belch; Sheridan's Sir Oliver Surface, or like Professor Babbitt in *A Night Off*, Mr. Bargiss in *Seven Twenty-Eight*, Bob Sackett in *Saratoga*, Old Gunnion in *The Squire*, or any one of the over-confident plausible men of the world he portrayed in certain modern comedies, while on the stage he was each of those widely different and highly amusing personages to the satisfaction of a multitude of play-goers.

He died in his prime. His acting had improved rather than deteriorated of late. He was not thought of as an actor of such characters as Belch and Old Surface until very recently, when it was found that he could be reasonably mellow and choleric, as well as dry, quaint, and whimsical. He was studying Falstaff with a view to acting in *Henry IV.* this winter.

Most of Mr. Lewis's fame had been gained under the management of Augustin Daly, of whose company he was a member from 1869 to 1877 and from 1880 until his death. But he had acquired a valuable reputation before 1869, and in the interval noted above he measurably increased the gayety of this nation by a number of comic portrayals under the management of Henry E. Abbey.

In these performances he was associated with Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, with whom he had first acted in Cincinnati in the early sixties, and who was his associate also in all his term with Mr. Daly. Their fame is inseparably linked. Mr. Lewis was a native of Troy, New York, and was about sixty years old.

James Boyle, Private Secretary.

MAJOR WILLIAM McKINLEY IN HIS LIBRARY, CANTON, OHIO.—Drawn from Life by Lucius W. Hitchcock.

THIS BUSY WORLD

NOTHING served Li Hung-Chang in better stead on his travels through Christendom than the respect for the dead which he learned in his dear heathen home. Ancestor-worship is understood to be one of the great hinderances to progress in China. It interferes with railroad building because you cannot run a railroad far in any direction in China without coming to a graveyard, and then there is trouble, and the surveyors are chased off by a mob. But it is a poor prejudice that is not of use to a man somewhere. Doubtless it is to this strong Celestial prejudice in favor of the comfort of the departed and the repose of ancestral bones that Li owes those unrivalled mortuary manners which have been so warmly admired in Christian lands. His attentions to General Gordon in England were almost as remarkable and gave almost as much satisfaction as his attentions here to General Grant. In London he went to see Gordon's statue in Trafalgar Square, to which he had previously sent a wreath of laurels and violets. After observing it carefully through an opera-glass, he advanced "and, with an air of great solemnity and dignity, made a profound bow before the statue, his example being followed by his suite." "The effect of this mark of respect upon the spectators," said the London *Times*, "was instantaneous. With one accord they broke into applause, loudly cheering, clapping their hands, and giving utterance to other expressions of appreciation." From the statue Li went to St. Paul's to see the Gordon cenotaph. That also he decorated with a wreath, and bowed low before it when he approached, and again when he went away. An Englishman could no more bow low before the tomb or the statue of a deceased person than an American could. A Frenchman has some talent of this sort, as appeared on the recent anniversary of the assassination of President Carnot, when the two sons of the murdered President conducted President Faure to their father's tomb in the Pantheon, and supported him during his meditations. The most the British and the Americans can do is to take off their hats and assume respectful attitudes. But when a man can bow low before the trophies of the dead without doing violence to his training, we like to see him do it, especially when he makes his obeisances to the shades of heroes of the dimensions of Gordon and Grant. It is proper to add that the evident sincerity of Li's reverences had everything to do with their effectiveness. He was lucky in having manners which enabled him to express his feelings, but he really had the feelings, and both in Gordon's case and Grant's they were fit and proper.

In discussing the rival merits of the American and English railroad systems, a contemporary (the *Evening Post*) observes that the additional security of the American cars seems not to be much of an argument in their favor, since "it is now a good many years since there were any murders or assaults in a compartment car." "The Baker incident," it thinks, "is never likely to be repeated."

The *Post* seems not to have read its recent London exchanges very closely. An assault on Louisa Clark, a lady's-maid, while travelling from Brighton to London, was the subject of a question in the House of Commons on July 21, and of a letter from the Board of Trade to the Railroad Companies Association. In the proceedings in Louisa Clark's case another young woman came forward and testified that she had been attacked by the same man on the same line a few days before. Such assaults are not common, but they still happen often enough to keep the possibility of their occurrence always fresh in the public mind. In spite of them, however, the superior privacy of the compartment cars keeps them in favor with European travellers. On some lines special carriages are provided for women travelling alone, but experience shows that lone women avoid such carriages, and prefer to take their chances with mankind.

A native of Maine is likely to be the next Governor of New York, and a native of Connecticut the next Lieutenant-Governor. A Governor from Maine is something of a rarity in this State. We have had Governors from Massachusetts (Silas Wright, for one) and from Connecticut, but does any one recall a former Governor of New York who came from Maine? However, there is no prejudice nowadays in any State of the Union against natives of any other State who have lived long enough in the State of their choice to become identified with its interests. If there were a prejudice it ought to be favorable to Maine, which is as good a State to come *from* as New York is to come *to*. What is more remarkable than the derivation of the Republican candidates in New York is their age, or lack of age, Mr. Black being forty-three, and Mr. Woodruff thirty-eight. There may be some basis for the idea that the men of our day who are most available for political uses are those who are so young as not yet to have become wholly absorbed in money-making, or so old as to be willing to retire from business.

Whatever defects there may be in Lord Salisbury's position in the Venezuela matter, and whatever dissatisfaction his do-nothing Turco-Armenian policy may have caused, there are some convictions which he has lately found occasion to express in which the sympathy of Christendom will be with him. At a meeting held in London a month or more ago, in aid of the East London Church Fund, he spoke his mind freely about the contemporaneous methods of raising money for church and charitable purposes. He deplored the reluctance of givers to charity to give what they can spare directly without the interposition of such secondary machinery as dinners and balls, church fairs and bazars. It was a strange compromise, he thought, by which, before men would support a hospital, they had to have a ball or a garden party, or to eat a bad dinner and listen to indifferent speeches. "The largest efforts which Christian munificence ever makes," he said, "it makes in response to organizations by which people are invited to purchase worthless articles at ridiculous prices.... The bazar or the dinner or the ball may furnish a portion of the money required, but it satisfies no self-discipline; it leaves no feeling of devotion or gratitude or beneficence behind it. It uses the largest amount of material with the smallest amount of moral improvement that is possible."

These are sentiments which find just as hearty an echo in America as in England. The people who hate fairs and bazars and charity balls the most, and who best appreciate the waste of effort and money that they involve, are the people who get them up. Such people, as a rule, cordially dislike their secondary machinery, but continue to use it because they cannot raise money without it. Lord Salisbury criticised it, but his only suggestions as to a substitute for it were that either the laity should take the burden of raising money off the shoulders of the clergy, or that that labor should be undertaken by mendicant friars and sisters like those of the Middle Ages. Neither of these suggestions seems practically valuable, or seems to have been offered with any hope of improving the situation. While folks and their money continue to be parted with as much difficulty as at present, this bad old way of inducing the separation is likely to continue. Even if all the worthy charities now in existence were supported by direct contributions, a lot of new charities would spring up next year, which, being without certified means of support, would turn to fairs at once for the means of existence. It is with public charities as with newspapers and business generally—the sharp competition of new-comers in the field constantly tends to demoralize the methods of their predecessors.

Early-rising New-Yorkers who like novel spectacles should go to Central Park between six and eight in the morning and see the disciples of Father Kneipp curing their colds and headaches and other ailments by walking barefoot in the wet grass. On September 3 permission was given to use the open lawns bordering on the Ninety-seventh Street drive to test the Kneipp cure in the early morning for one week. The barefooted enthusiasts at once improved their chance, and, unless the permission is withdrawn, are likely to have wet feet every morning until frost comes. The Kneipp cure has the merit of being harmless and cheap. It gives its followers a new sensation, and that is always worth something. There is no vice in it and some sport, and the desire to play at it seems a suitable whim for the park commissioners to indulge.

The only sound-money man among the sons of General Grant seems to be Commissioner Grant of New York. Ulysses, more familiarly known as "Buck" Grant, was a delegate from California to the St. Louis convention and voted for free silver, which is the more remarkable because he is a graduate of Harvard. Jesse R. Grant, who went with his father on his journey round the world, and was an object of interest and astonishment to many of the General's entertainers, lives now in San Diego, California, and in a recent letter to the People's convention at that town declared himself a Populist. He objects to the financial plank in the Republican platform, and to what he calls the anarchical plank in the Democratic platform (whichever that is), but finds nothing in the Populist platform that offends him. Thomas Watson of Georgia will therefore be Jesse's candidate.

There are many men living who have read their own obituaries, and some careful people have been known to buy their tombstones and have them set up in a cemetery, thereby outdoing our late Celestial guest, who merely provided his coffin. Mr. Gladstone bids fair to enjoy a rarer privilege still, since he is likely to see with his own eyes some of the permanent memorials that are to commemorate his career. Two windows are to be placed in the parish church at Hawarden in his honor. One is to be given by his children to perpetuate the memory of the long connection of their parents with the parish and church; the other is to be the gift of an Armenian gentleman living in Russia, who desires that posterity shall remember the Armenian massacres and Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with the sufferers.

Recorder Fellows of Englewood refuses to punish Mr. Jewett of the Englewood Golf Club for playing golf on Sunday. He says that if the New Jersey Sunday law was rigidly enforced, life in Englewood would be intolerable, and while he is on the bench he proposes to deal with the observance of the Sabbath in a contemporaneous and modern spirit. He fails to find any proof that the Sunday golfers are disorderly or that their behavior calls for police interference; nor does he think that a religious sentiment should be allowed to interfere with inoffensive exercises which are within the legal rights of citizens. Sunday golf, in his estimation, is a matter with which the conscience of the individual is competent to deal; and so long as it is not specifically prohibited by statute he proposes to let it alone.

Thrift and melody do not seem to go together. The author of "Kathleen Mavourneen," who died a few weeks ago, had his share of prosperity during his career, but came to want long before the end of it. Last week died Percy Gaunt, joint author with Charles Hoyt of that famous and familiar song "The Bowery," and he too outlived his means of support. Yet "The Bowery" was immensely profitable to some one, and was reported to have paid its authors $37,000; and Gaunt wrote a great number of other songs, some of which were popular. But probably with song-writers, as with persons in other lines of industry, it is one thing to make money and another to keep it.

The obituarians, who dwelt at generous length upon Crouch, told one amazing story about him—that he had been married four times, and had been the parent of thirty-three children. There was certainly no thrift about that; but the story was printed without affidavits, and possibly it was not true.

Professor Burr of Cornell, historical investigator to the Venezuela Commission, has been at work most of the summer in the Hague, Amsterdam, and other Dutch cities, searching the archives for information bearing on the boundary dispute. He was last heard of in England, where he dined last week with Ambassador Bayard; but his leave of absence lasts until Christmas, and we are entitled to hope he will stay it out, even though the report of the commission has to await his return. The Americans are a very patient people, and if they make up their minds that it is their duty to restrain their eagerness to hear the report of the Venezuela Commission, their self-control is certain to be found equal to that obligation.

Friday, September 4, was McKinley and Hobart flag day in New York. In the morning twenty thousand cards were distributed bearing a flag and this notice: "Be on Broadway at 5 P.M. to-day, anywhere between Seventeenth Street and Twenty-third Street. A McKinley banner will be unfurled on every block." At the proper time five new flags were run out in the presence of a crowd, and the Eighth Regiment band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" to each one. There have been years when men have gone in for patriotism on political grounds. New York this year is full of men who believe that they have gone into politics on grounds of patriotism. They like to hang out the American flag because it expresses their sentiments. E. S. MARTIN.

The edge of the musical season, a ragged business ever, is again what we are on this month. October will tell a tale to more purport. Moriz Rosenthal's arrival is to be but one episode of it, and Colonel Mapleson pledges his military honor to give Italian opera at the Academy of Music. Meantime we have *The Caliph*, a new comic opera scored by Engländer, in which Mr. Jefferson de Angelis pontificates, at the Broadway; at Daly's is nightly heard *The Geisha*, also a new comic opera of English make, hall-marked London, and exquisitely Japanese in local color. Mr. Sousa and his excellent band are busy at one vaudeville house. To make amends for even worse frivolity than a vaudeville's, Mr. Seidl and his orchestra are at the Madison Square Garden. There is an informality about the concerts that is agreeable in these evenings of summerish weather. The orchestra is in magnificent form—thanks to new material and to a summer's progress into uncommon virtuosity. The programmes are unique in breadth and skilfulness of balance between Gillet and Wagner. Also are they unique in their superb collection of errors in orthography. The proof-reader is always bothered by proper names; but really he should stop short of letting pass "Aubinstein," "Ferdi," "Massauer" (Massenet!), and "Drorak"—even if his *laisser-aller* does not quite attain to the late Sir Augustus Harris's famous "Humperdinckel," of the *Hänsel and Gretel* first-night at Daly's. Apropos of opera, the official announcement of the New Metropolitan's fourth regular season is current. The opening night is set for November 16. The representations will continue thirteen weeks. The company will be practically the same as during 1895–6, with sundry attractive additions. E. I. S.

Nitragen! It is the "a" which gives it the outlandish form. But that is the name given to a new culture for the promotion of plant growth, and Professor Nobbe of Tharand, in Saxony, stands sponsor for Nitragen. Those of the older schools, M. Boussingault in the lead, with all French and English scientists given to agricultural chemistry, supposed they had explained what was the fixation of Nitrogen by the plants. But forty years ago nothing may be said to have been known about the part played by bacteria. This much, however, was positive, and had been recognized by the old Romans, and it was that by growing certain crops, as clover, beans, pease, and ploughing them in when grown, the land was singularly enriched. Some little differences in the roots of particular plants had not escaped the notice of the practical agriculturist, but the value or the peculiarity of those nodules in the roots of leguminous plants he was not conscious of. Now Professor Nobbe declares that in these nodules there are peculiar organisms which multiply enormously, that the cells are filled with bacteriods, and that these bacterium-like bodies carry out alone the nitrate-fixation. In the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society* mention is made of experiments of a practical character that have been carried out with these nitrogen-fixing bacteria. The method was simply to carry the soil from one field containing the nodules and to put it on poor ground. There was nothing novel in this, and the method was expensive, because sixteen hundred-weight to be transported to every new acre was a cumbersome job. What Professor Nobbe has set himself to do is to manufacture by means of pure cultivation the fertilizing microbes. In glass bottles the well-known agar-gelatine serves as the medium. The germs and the culture are developed at a temperature not to exceed 98° Fahr. Then with the contents of the bottle inoculation takes place. Either the seeds are steeped in the fluid or it is introduced into the soil. As to the cost, the all-important subject, we find it stated that the nitrogen-fixing germs can be supplied at about five shillings or say a dollar per acre. We are not to accept the whole matter as yet definitely settled, or that in a ten-gallon glass jar the farmer has an active fertilizing agent sufficient for his ten acres of beans or pease or clover. Only this: that here may be the beginning of the new subject of soil-inoculation. What its future may be we do not exactly know. B. P.

Just preceding the death of Charles Stanley Reinhart and following closely upon those of Olin L. Warner, N.A., and Benoni Irwin, A.N.A., came a few days ago, at his country home in Summit, New Jersey, in his fifty-sixth year, that of the well-known and skilful painter of landscape and Revolutionary genre, A. Wordsworth Thompson, N.A.

The artist, who was born in Baltimore in 1840, went to Paris when he was twenty-one, becoming in turn a pupil of Gleyre, Lambinet, and Pasini. His style, though individual, recalled somewhat that of the last-named. His first reputation was made by his French, Italian, Spanish, and Eastern scenes. Returning to this city in 1868, he exhibited at the National Academy, in 1873, "Desolation," "The Palace of St. Cloud in the Winter of 1871," which won his membership.

Among the better known of his pictures of Colonial and Revolutionary days are "Virginia in Olden Time," "A Review at Annapolis in 1776," "The Parting Guest," "A Review at Philadelphia, August 24, 1777," "Passing the Outposts," "Alarming Intelligence—New England Coast, 1775," "A Colonial Homestead, New Jersey, A.D. 1750," "The Story of an Old Farm," "News from the Front," and "Sunday Morning in Virginia, Time of Lord Dunmore." A. V. C.

LONDON.

At last a really grave international crisis has arisen between England and America. It is no question this time of a few miles of bog-land; it concerns nothing less than the comparative charms of English and American women. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton—an American writer of some repute here, and the wife, presumably, of an Englishman—has written a scorching letter to the *Daily News*, deifying Englishmen as "the most wholesome, healthy-minded men in the world," and claiming that only American women are fit to be the wives of such paragons. "A Protesting British Woman," "A Constant Reader," "A Mother of Eight," "John Bull," and other well-known public characters, have taken the field against her, and are busily tipping up their brimming patriotic hearts, to the delight of all England. Mrs. Atherton charges American men with "money-greed and sensuality." They are "the most elemental race of men in all civilization." American women have "flashed far past them"—so much so that they have to come to England, to "the most dominant, perfectly balanced, rapidly developing, and highly developed race the world has ever seen," in order to be properly appreciated. Hurrah! The poor English woman, starchy, affected, with all her traditional prejudices thick upon her, "writing no intellectual or wholesome fiction," is swept aside by her all-conquering American cousin. Splendid! "A Mother of Eight" hopes this is not so; still "humbly claims that John Bull's womankind is quite well fitted to be his companion," and considers that the English woman, "take her for all in all, is as good, as pleasant to look at, as capable and devoted, as any of the daughters of Eve, be they American or of any other nationality." Which, of course, is nonsense. Miss Elizabeth L. Banks, an American journalist, who made herself notorious two years ago by going out as a general housemaid in order to write of the relations between mistresses and servants, has flung herself into the controversy with incredible fury. She admits that the American man likes to make money; but why? "If the American man is money-greedy, he is so mostly for the sake of his womenkind. He makes money in order that his wife and daughters may eat canvas-back duck and terrapin, and wear diamond ear-rings at the breakfast table. He makes money that he may send his wife and daughters to London and Paris, where they 'get into society' and 'finish their education,' remaining over here five or six years, after which time the wife goes back—and sues him for divorce and alimony." And the odd part about it is that thousands of people here will read and believe all this, and thank Heaven that they have at last plumbed to the depths of the American character. The whole correspondence is a good example of how two nations are prevented, by the friends of both, from understanding one another.

S. B.

PARIS.

The "Tower of Progress," as it is to be called, or the Turning Tower, will probably be one of the most interesting novelties at the approaching exhibition of 1900 in Paris. This tower, designed by an engineer called Devic, is to be 115 metres high, hexagonal in form, and divided architecturally into four parts, which are to be subdivided, the first and second parts into five stories each, the third into six stories, and the fourth into eight, making twenty-four stories in all; of these, nineteen will be accessible to the public. The tower is to be built of steel, and ornamented with balconies, columns, statues, etc., all formed in metal, and covered with colored crystals or decorated porcelain. The effect of this will be extraordinary by day; whether beautiful or not remains to be seen; but as a colossal system of illumination, including over 20,000 incandescent lamps, is to be employed, there is no doubt that at night, when the electricity which passes inside the colored statues and the garlands of flowers which ornament the balconies is lighted, the effect will be magical indeed. At the spring of the tower's spire there is to be a clock, from a door in which will issue every hour a procession, which will make the tour of a gallery surrounding the tower. This procession will be composed of personages representing all the great inventions, such as the telegraph, printing, electricity, aerostation, etc. A powerful organ, moved by compressed air, will be placed above the clock and its chime of sixty-four bells. Surmounting the whole, on the summit of the spire, will be a cock, the *coq gaulois*, five metres in height, formed by 1200 incandescent lamps. Like the modest little *coucou* of the Swiss clock, it will flap its wings every hour, and crow loudly enough to be heard throughout the entire exhibition. But what will constitute the crowning success of this colossal monument, the *clou*, as the French call it, will be that it will be placed on a pivot, and will be made, by means of a hydraulic apparatus, to make a complete revolution in the space of an hour. This rotatory movement will be too slight to incommode in any way those who visit the numerous sights which the building will contain; but it will be particularly delightful for the diners in the restaurant of the tower, who will be enabled to see the entire panorama of the exhibition and of Paris and its environs pass slowly before their charmed eyes while they sit at table.

F. F.

CHICAGO.

The Field Columbian Museum is steadily augmenting its collections by a judicious expenditure of its income, as well as by gifts from friends of the institution. A recent acquisition is an ancient Egyptian boat, the gift of Mrs. Cyrus McCormick. This boat is one of five—undoubtedly the oldest ever unearthed—found not long ago near the pyramids, and its fellows are in the Ghizeh collection at Cairo. It is made of cedar, is about thirty feet long, and is remarkably well preserved, considering its great antiquity. Contrasted with its four or five thousand years of age, the famous viking craft found at Gokstad seems but a thing of yesterday. Another exhibit recently placed in the museum consists of a number of Indian mummies from Alaska. When these were unwrapped, one of them, the body of a girl, was found to be ornamented with a necklace of campaign medals from the "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" struggle of 1840. The log cabin was there, and portraits of the Whig candidates. It is a very curious happening, for we must remember that there were in 1840 no States west of Missouri, and that Alaska was a Russian territory, almost absolutely unknown to the people of this country.

The movement to abolish township organization in Cook County has at last taken definite shape, and it is settled that the question will be voted upon at the November election. To secure this test of public opinion it was necessary that one-fifth of the legal voters of the county should petition the Board of Commissioners, and such a petition, with over fifty thousand signatures, has just been handed in. The question has, in accordance with the law, been ordered to be printed upon the official ballot, and there can be little doubt that enough votes will be cast for the proposition to insure its acceptance. There are thirty-three townships in the county, of which number nine are wholly or partly included within the limits of Chicago. Of course nearly all the population and wealth of the county are found within the nine city townships. What a farce the ancient institution of the town meeting has become in one of these city townships may easily be imagined. The evils of this antiquated system are chiefly felt in the matter of taxation, and thirty-three independent assessors competing with each other for popular favor have brought things to such a pass that the property of the county is now officially valued at about one-fifteenth of what it is worth. There are also great inequalities in the assessment, and, as usually happens in such cases, the corporations and other large owners of real estate are not as heavily burdened as the humble artisan who owns nothing but his house and lot. The assessment of personal property under this system has become a mere travesty. According to the returns, no diamonds are owned in some of the towns, no watches or no cows in others. The contemplated reform will at least result in something like uniformity of assessment, besides substituting a single set of officers for the numerous local bodies that now execute the law. There is naturally much opposition to the reform from these small office-holders, but public sentiment is so strongly in its favor that the protests of a few politicians are not likely to block a movement so obviously in the direction of economy and good government.

W. M. P.

BOSTON.

One rather unusual feature of the present campaign is the participation in it of ministers, many of whom, in the Eastern States, have made speeches in favor of the gold standard. This attitude on the part of the reverend gentlemen has been praised very commonly, and yet its propriety is, to say the least, doubtful. If ministers take an active part in politics, a new element of discord will be introduced in a relationship which already is sufficiently productive of contention. Several cases of this sort have occurred. Thus, the Rev. Mr. Bradford, a Congregationalist minister settled at Tyngsboro, Massachusetts, has been forced to resign his position because he advocated free silver. The balance of salary due him, amounting to $200, was paid to him in gold as an object-lesson, and pastor and congregation are now severed. In the old days of Democrats and Federalists, a prominent Federalist divine once declared in his pulpit, "I will not say that every Democrat is a horse-thief, but I will say that every horse-thief is a Democrat." Thereupon a leading member of the congregation, a Democrat, arose in his pew and exclaimed, "It's a damned lie!" And having so said, he walked out of the church, and never re-entered it.

Mr. Reed has been speaking to immense audiences in Maine, which he has instructed and entertained with that plain, humorous way of speech which marks the man of realities. "If I were rich," he said at York, "and you came to me and stated that you liked me and wanted to borrow money of me, but all the time you were going to struggle to pay me with a 50-cent dollar, do you think I'd let you have it?" And he concluded by saying: "We don't believe what the gentleman from the wilds of Nebraska says is going to happen. We can't shingle out into a fog and have a building on which we can rest." The free-silver speakers in New England are, as a rule—there are some exceptions—men who belong either morally or intellectually, and often in both ways, to the class known as "cranks." Such a man is the quack doctor who is going up and down the State of Maine telling the people that what they want is more money, whether it be honest money or dishonest money, that it is of no consequence whether the silver dollar would pass as such in England or not, and that a 50-cent dollar would be equal to a 100-cent dollar, because the "law" would make it equal. For such men the free-silver cause operates as a drag-net.

H. C. M.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Brooks high-license law, with its annual license fee of $1000 for each saloon, has been prolific of a large crop of unlicensed saloons, locally known as "speak-easies." Although their existence and location are easily ascertained by the inquiring, the police seem to have more difficulty in discovering them than any other class in the community. The recently appointed director of public safety, Frank M. Riter, bids fair to change all this, however, and he has started in on a vigorous policy of repression by removing a police lieutenant, in whose district "speak-easies" were numerous, for "neglect of duty." The director has taken the ground that it is the duty of the police to ascertain the existence of such places and to suppress them, and not to wait until their attention is directed to them by private citizens or the Law and Order Society. The methods he pursued in the Allison case were wisely and effectively chosen. The superintendent of police detailed specials from headquarters to canvass Allison's district, with the result that they unearthed within a short time at least a dozen places where liquor was illicitly sold, and which were subsequently raided, and their proprietors held for trial. This could easily have been done by the lieutenant in charge of the district. As Lieutenant Allison did not do it, he was tried by a Police Board of Inquiry, which found him guilty of neglect of duty, whereupon the director recommended the Mayor to dismiss—a suggestion the latter has followed.

C. R. W.

In pursuance of the plan of quickening the mail service in Philadelphia, determined upon by the post-office some time ago, arrangements are now under way for the placing in service of fourteen trolley-cars, especially built for the purpose, and equipped with the necessary apparatus for sorting and arranging mail matter while in transit. Mail, for some time, has been conveyed between the substations and the central office by means of trolley-cars on two of the lines, but the new system will inaugurate a change in the manner of exchanging and distributing letters, papers, and parcels both to city addresses and to places out of town. The carriers who gather mail from the various boxes will bring together their collections at stated points, where the latter will be taken on board the trolley-cars and assorted properly. Such mail as is intended for a distant point within the city will be transferred to the first mail-car going in that direction which is met with, while such matter as is to go out of town will be placed in pouches ready to be put immediately upon the railroad mail-car. Electric apparatus for cancelling stamps is a feature of the proposed plan.

F. C. W.

WASHINGTON.

It has been left to a Washington clergyman to extract Biblical likeness and religious teaching from the bicycle. Taking the significant text, "I have used similitudes," the minister said he believed, were the Saviour on earth now, He would illustrate his parables and sermons from the wheel. He described the difficulties of mastering the bicycle, and compared the discouragements of the novice and the frequent dismounts of the beginner to those who seek to lead a Christian life. The rules which govern a bicycler, said this minister, were adaptable to the follower of Christ—as the former rides erect and with speed, so the latter should live erect and "move with some degree of spiritual rapidity." He advised the bicycler and the Christian to "keep your lights burning, that you may see the true way, and that others to whom you may be an injury may avoid you."

J. E. J.

SAN FRANCISCO.

A story of crime and mystery which would furnish materials for a writer of romance has just been ended in dramatic fashion in Lower California. Over a year ago a gold bar worth $10,000, belonging to the Ibarra Mining Company, was stolen from the safe of M. Rivaroll, a broker at Ensenada, who was held responsible for it. Suspicion settled on two clerks, named Garratt and Pratt, but little legal evidence could be secured against them. However, Garratt was convicted, and sentenced to jail for sixteen months. He was released last month, and came to San Francisco, where he met Pratt. Meanwhile Rivaroll had been ruined by the loss of the gold brick, but he and his son had Garratt shadowed, as they were convinced he knew where the treasure was hidden. Garratt soon appeared again in Ensenada, with several companions. He chartered a vessel and sailed for Todos Santos Island, just across the bay. Young Rivaroll, the Governor, and several police officers followed. They landed on the island, and from the shelter of the heavy forest watched Garratt and his friends prepare to dig up the missing brick. Then, at a signal, they all rushed out and ordered the treasure-hunters to surrender. Garratt, who saw the gold for which he had suffered so much, about to be snatched from him, fell down as one dead. He was revived, and forced to show the officers where the gold was hidden, and it was unearthed and restored to its owners. As Garratt had been punished once for the offence, he could not be tried again, hence he was released. He will probably be heard from, however, as he demonstrated to the officers that he had a genius for opening safes. With a few minutes' study he opened safes in Ensenada that were furnished with elaborate combination locks.

G. H. F.

NEW ORLEANS.

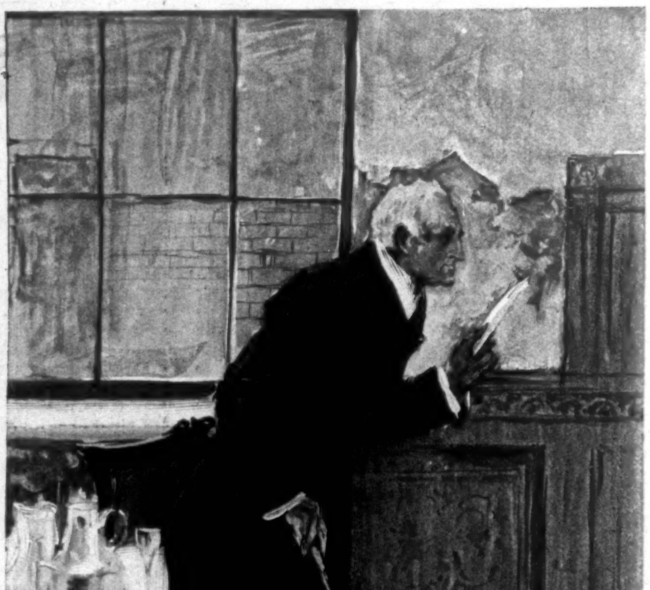
Machinery has made another important step forward, a means having at last been found for using it in future in the construction of levees. They have been building levees in Louisiana for 180 years, and have expended something over $80,000,000 and more human muscle and lives on them than can be estimated. Up to this year no other way of levee construction had been found than by manual labor. Besides the convicts, nearly all of whom are employed in levee construction, there are thousands of free laborers who work in the "levee camps," and the moral and sanitary conditions prevailing there are by no means good. For some months past experiments have been made in levee-building by means of dredges and pumps. These worked well from the start, and the only question was to cut down the cost to that of human labor, which was very cheap for this rough kind of work. The necessary cheapening has been accomplished, and now the levee-building machines have gone to work in Bayou La Fourche, and will construct most of the State levees needed on that stream. With a couple of engineers and firemen at work, the levees will go up as rapidly as several hundred men could erect them, and the overseer can lean back in an easy-chair and "boss the job." It will mean a great many men out of employment, but the people along the Mississippi will not be sorry to see the disappearance of the levee camps, which were the head centres for tramps and idlers. Another important result will be to leave the convicts in the Louisiana Penitentiary without anything to do, and the State will have to find some new employment for them.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children recently rescued from the hut of a Malay fisherman on Lake Borgne a beautiful girl of seven named Anna Marcellina. Years ago her mother drifted down to the Lake Borgne swamps, leaving her past history behind her, and there she died in the Malay's hut. He is one of a colony that settled in the wildest spot in Louisiana years ago, and is as savage as when he landed there. He has never had a name, and is known only as "the Manila man," as all Malays are called in Louisiana; he does not know the need of stove or fire, and eats his fish raw, like a savage. The S. P. C. C. thought that this was scarcely the proper bringing up of a pretty Christian child, and an officer of the society went with Sheriff Nunez to bring Anna Marcellina back to civilization. The scene is said to have been a touching one; for while the Malay recognized the arguments that his hut was not the proper home nor he the proper guardian for the child, the little girl herself refused to be separated from her half-civilized friend, and it was amid the tears of all who were present, and only under promise that she was coming to New Orleans on an excursion only, sure to return to her St. Bernard Swamp, that she finally consented to go away with the society's officer; and the old "Manila man" is left alone, solitary and broken-hearted, in his little hut.

N. W.

SIR JOSHUA THORNDYKE (MR. JOHN DREW) MEETS MISS DOLLY CRUICKSHANK (MISS MAUDE ADAMS).

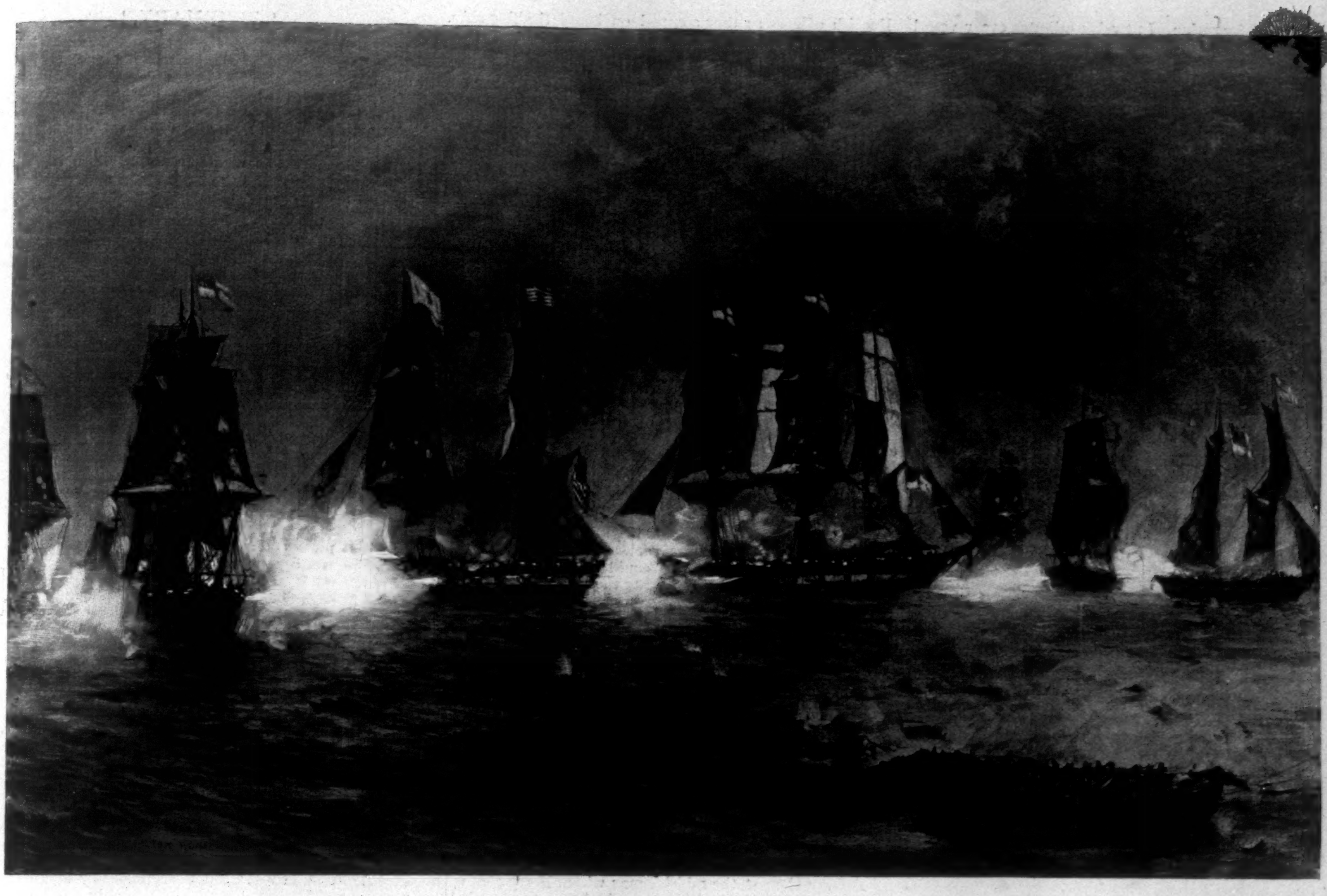
THE BREAK-DOWN (MISS ADAMS AND MR. BYRON).



THE FALLEN WAINSCOTING (MR. DREW).

"ROSEMARY," AS PERFORMED BY MR. JOHN DREW AND COMPANY AT THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK.

DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.—[SEE PAGE 922.]



THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.

BY JAMES BARNES.

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY, the hero of Lake Erie, inherited from his father a fearless, high-strung disposition, and early in life showed his longing for adventure. As a boy he was not physically strong; he grew tall at an early age, and his strength was not in keeping with his inches. Nevertheless, he declared himself positively in favor of taking up the sea as a profession, and in April of 1799, after his father had been in command of the *General Greene* for one year, to his delight young Perry received his midshipman's warrant, and joined the same ship.

The young midshipman made several cruises with his father to the West Indies; his health and strength increased with the life in the open air. He showed capacity and courage, and participated in the action that resulted in the reduction of Jacmel, in connection with the land attack of the celebrated General Toussaint's army. This was the last active service of the *General Greene;* she was sold and broken up, and upon the reduction of the navy in 1801 the elder Perry left the service. In 1803 his son returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean, and was promoted to an acting lieutenancy.

In our naval history of this time the recurrence of various names, and the references made over and over again to the same actions and occurrences, are easily accountable when we think of the small number of vessels the United States possessed and the surprisingly few officers on the pay-rolls. The high feeling of *esprit de corps* that existed among them came from the fact that each had a chance to prove his courage and fidelity. There was a high standard set for them to reach.

Oliver Hazard Perry went through the same school that, luckily for us, graduated so many fine officers and sailors—that of the Tripolitan war. The first service upon which the young officer was employed after the commencement of the war with England was the taking charge of a flotilla of gunboats stationed at Newport.

As this service was neither arduous nor calculated to bring chances for active employment in the way of fighting, time hung heavily on his hands, and Perry chafed under his enforced retirement. At last he petitioned the government to place him in active service, stating plainly his desire to be attached to the naval forces that were then gathering under command of Commodore Chauncey on the lakes. His request was granted, to his great joy, and he set out with all despatch.

It was at an early period of the war that the government had seen the immense importance of gaining command of the Western lakes, and in October of 1812 Commodore Chauncey had been ordered to take seven hundred seamen and one hundred and fifty marines and to proceed by forced marches to Lake Ontario. There had been sent ahead of him a large number of ship-builders and carpenters, and great activity was displayed in building and outfitting a fleet which might give to the United States the possession of Lake Ontario. There was no great opposition made to the American arms by the British on this lake, but the unfortunate surrender of General Hull had placed the English in undisputed possession of Lake Erie.

In March, 1813, Captain Perry having been despatched to the port of Erie, arrived there to find a fleet of ten sail being prepared to take the waters against the British fleet under Commodore Barclay—an old and experienced leader, a hero of the days of Nelson and the *Victory*.

Before Perry's arrival a brilliant little action had taken place, in October of the previous year. Two British vessels, the *Detroit* and the *Caledonia*, came down the lake and anchored under the guns of the British Fort Erie on the Canadian side. At that time Lieutenant Elliot was superintending the naval affairs on Lake Erie, and the news having been brought to him of the arrival of the English vessels on the opposite side, he immediately determined to make a night attack and to cut them out. For a long time a body of seamen had been tramping their toilsome march from the Hudson River to the lakes, and Elliot, hearing that they were but some thirty miles away, despatched a messenger to hasten them forward; at the same time he began to prepare two small boats for the expedition. About twelve o'clock the wearied seamen, footsore and hungry, arrived, and then it was discovered that in the whole draft there were but twenty pistols, and no cutlasses, pikes, or battle-axes. But Elliot was not dismayed. Applying to General Smyth, who was in command of the regulars, for arms and assistance, he was supplied with a few muskets and pistols, and about fifty soldiers were detached to aid him.

Late in the afternoon Elliot had picked out his crews and manned the two boats, putting about fifty men in each; but he did not stir until one o'clock on the following morning, when in the pitch-darkness he set out from the mouth of Buffalo Creek, with a long pull ahead. The wind was not strong enough to make good use of the sails, and the poor sailors were so weary that those who were not rowing lay sleeping, huddled together on their arms, and displaying great listlessness, and little desire for fighting. At three o'clock Elliot was alongside the British vessels. It was a complete surprise; in ten minutes he had full possession of them, and had secured the crews as prisoners. But after making every exertion to get under sail, he found, to his bitter disappointment, that the wind was unfortunately so light that the rapid current made them gather an increasing sternway every instant. Another unfortunate circumstance was that he would have to pass the British fort below and quite close to hand, for he was on the Canadian shore. As the vessels came in sight of the British battery the latter opened a heavy fire of round and grape, and several pieces of flying-artillery stationed in the woods took up the chorus.

The *Caledonia*, being a smaller vessel, succeeded in getting out of the current, and was beached in as safe a position as possible under one of the American batteries at Black Rock, across the river; but Elliot was compelled to drop his anchor at the distance of about four hundred yards from two of the British batteries. He was almost at their mercy, and in the extremity he tried the effect of a ruse, and made a threat that we must believe he never intended carrying into effect.

Observing an officer standing on the top of an earthwork, he hailed him at the top of his voice. "Heigh there, Mr. John Bull! if you fire another gun at me I'll bring up all my prisoners, and you can use them for targets," he shouted.

The answer was the simultaneous discharge of all of the Englishman's guns. But not a single prisoner was brought on deck to share the fate of the Americans, who felt the effect of the fire, and who now began to make strenuous efforts to return it. Elliot brought all of the guns on one side of his ship, and replied briskly, until he suddenly discovered that all of his ammunition was expended. Now there was but one chance left—to cut the cable, drift down the river out of reach of the heavy batteries, and make a stand against the flying-artillery with small-arms. This was accordingly done. But as the sails were raised, the fact was ascertained that the pilot had taken French leave. No one else knew the channel, and, swinging about, the vessel drifted astern for some ten minutes; then fortunately striking a cross-current, she was brought up on the shore of Squaw Island, near the American side. Elliot sent a boat to the mainland with the prisoners first. It experienced great difficulty in making the passage, being almost swamped once or twice, and it did not return. Affairs had reached a crisis, but with the aid of a smaller boat, and by the exercise of great care, the remainder of the prisoners and the crew succeeded in getting on shore at about eight o'clock in the morning. At about eleven o'clock a company of British regulars rowed over from the Canadian shore to Squaw Island and boarded the *Detroit*, their intention being to destroy her and to burn up the munitions with which she was laden. Seeing their purpose, Major Cyrenus Chapin, a good Yankee from Massachusetts, called for volunteers to return to the island, and, despite the difficulties ahead, almost every man signified his willingness to go. Quickly making his selection, Major Chapin succeeded in landing with about thirty men at his back, and drove off the English before they had managed to start the flames. About three o'clock a second attempt was made, but it was easily repulsed.

The *Detroit* mounted six long 6-pounders, and her crew numbered some sixty men. She was worth saving, but so badly was she grounded on the island that it was impossible to get her off, and, after taking her stores out, Elliot set her on fire to get rid of her. The little *Caledonia* was quite a valuable capture, aside from her armament, as she had on board a cargo of furs whose value has been estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

But to return to the condition of affairs upon the arrival of Captain Perry. The fleet that in a few weeks he had under his command consisted of the brig *Lawrence*, of 20 guns, to which he attached his flag; the *Niagara*, of 20 guns, in command of Elliot; and the schooners *Caledonia* and *Ariel*, of three and four guns respectively. There were, besides, six smaller vessels, carrying from one to two guns each; in all, Perry's fleet mounted 55 guns. The British fleet under command of Barclay consisted of the *Detroit* (named after the one that was wrecked), the *Queen Charlotte*, and the *Lady Prevost*. They mounted 19, 17, and 13 guns, in the order named. The brig *Hunter* carried 10 guns; the sloop *Little Belt*, three; and the schooner *Chippeway*, one gun; in all, Barclay had 63 guns, not counting several swivels—that is, more than eight guns to the good.

The morning of the 10th of September dawned fine and clear. Perry, with his fleet anchored about him, lay in the quiet waters of Put-in-Bay. A light breeze was blowing from the south. Very early a number of sail were seen out on the lake beyond the point, and soon the strangers were discovered to be the British fleet. Everything depended now upon the speed with which the Americans

could prepare for action. In twelve minutes every vessel was under way and sailing out to meet the on-comers; the *Lawrence* led the line. As the two fleets approached, the British concentrated the fire of their long and heavy guns upon her. She came on in silence; at her peak was flying a huge motto-flag; plain to view were the words of the brave commander of the *Chesapeake*, "Don't give up the ship."

The responsibility that rested upon the young commander's shoulders was great; his position was most precarious. This was the first action between the fleets of the two hostile countries; it was a battle for the dominion of the Lakes; defeat meant that the English could land at any time an expeditionary force at any point they chose along the shores of our natural northern barrier. The *Lawrence* had slipped quite a way ahead of the others, and Perry found that he would have to close in order to return the English fire, as at the long distance he was surely being ripped to pieces.

Signalling the rest of the fleet to follow him, he made all sail and bore down upon the English; but to quote from the account in the *Naval Temple*, printed in the year 1816: "Every brace and bowline of the *Lawrence* being shot away, she became unmanageable, notwithstanding the great exertion of the sailing-master. In this situation she sustained the action within canister distance upwards of two hours, until every gun was rendered useless, and the greater part of her crew either killed or wounded."

It is easy to imagine the feelings of Perry at this moment. The smaller vessels of his fleet had not come within firing distance; there was absolutely nothing for him to do on board the flag-ship except to lower his flag. Yet there was one forlorn hope that occurred to the young commander, and without hesitation he called away the only boat capable of floating; taking his flag, he quitted the *Lawrence* and rowed off for the *Niagara*. The most wonderful accounts of hair-breadth escapes could not equal that of Perry upon this occasion. Why his boat was not swamped, or its crew and commander killed, cannot be explained. Three of the British ships fired broadsides at him at pistol-shot distance as he passed by them in succession; and although the water boiled about him and the balls whistled but a few inches overhead, he reached the *Niagara* in safety.

There are but a few parallel cases to this, of a commander leaving one ship and transferring his flag to another in the heat of action.

Perry's younger brother, who was but a midshipman, was one of the seven other men in the boat. They left on board the *Lawrence* not above a half-score of able-bodied men to look after the numerous wounded. Owing to the opinions of many of the contemporary writers, who gave way to an intense feeling of partisanship, some bitterness was occasioned, and sides were taken in regard to the actions of Master Commandant Elliot and his superior officer; but looking back at it from this day, we can see little reason for any feeling of jealousy. It is hard to point the finger at any one on the American side in this action and say that he did not do his duty. As Perry reached the side of the *Niagara* the wind died away until it was almost calm; the smaller vessels, the sloops and schooners—the *Somers*, the *Scorpion*, the *Tigress*, the *Trippe*, the *Ohio*, and the *Porcupine*—were seen to be well astern. Upon Perry setting foot on deck, Elliot congratulated him upon the way he left his ship, and volunteered to bring up the boats to windward if he could be spared. Upon receiving permission he jumped into the boat in which Perry had rowed from the *Lawrence*, and set out to bring up all the forces. Every effort was made to form a front of battle, and the little gunboats, urged on by sweeps and oars, were soon engaged in a race for glory. In the mean time, however, the English had slackened their fire as they saw the big flag lowered from the *Lawrence's* mast-head; they supposed that the latter had struck, and set up a tremendous cheering. This was hushed as they caught sight of the flash of oars and realized what was going forward. In a few minutes out of the thick smoke came the *Niagara*, breaking their line, and firing her broadsides with such good execution that great confusion followed throughout the fleet. Two of their larger brigs, the *Queen Charlotte* and *Detroit*, ran afoul of each other, and the *Niagara*, giving signal for close action, ran across the bow of one ship and the stern of the other, raking them both with fearful effect; then squaring away, and running astern of the *Lady Prevost*, she got in another raking fire, and sheering off, made for the *Hunter*. Now the little 1-gun and 2-gun vessels of the American fleet were giving good accounts of themselves.

Although their crews were exposed to full view and stood waist-high above the bulwarks, they did no dodging; their shots were well directed, and they raked the Englishmen fore and aft, carrying away all the masts of the *Detroit* and the mizzenmast of the *Queen Charlotte*.

A few minutes after 3 P.M., a white flag at end of a boarding-pike was lifted above the bulwarks of the *Hunter*. At the sight of this the *Chippeway* and *Little Belt* crowded all sail and tried to escape, but in less than a quarter of an hour they were captured and brought back by the *Trippe* and the *Scorpion*, under the commands of Lieutenant Thomas Holdup and Sailing-master Stephen Champlin. With a ringing cheer the word went through the line that the British had surrendered. The sovereignty of Lake Erie belonged to America. The question of supremacy was settled.

The events of the day had been most dramatic. This fight amid the wooded shores and extending arms of the bay was viewed from shore by hundreds of anxious Americans. The bright sunlight and calm surface of the lake, the enshrouding fog of smoke that from shore hid all but the spurts of flame and the topmasts and occasionally the flags of the vessels engaged, all had combined to make a drama of the most exciting and awe-inspiring interest. Nor was the last act to be a letting down. Perry determined to receive the surrender of the defeated enemy nowhere else but on the deck of his old flag-ship, that was slowly drifting up into the now intermingled fleets.

Once more he lowered his broad pennant, and rowed out for the crippled *Lawrence*. He was received on board with three feeble cheers, the wounded joining in, and a number of men crawling up from the slaughter-pen of a cockpit, begrimed and bloody.

On board the *Lawrence* there had been left but one surgeon, Usher Parsons. He came on deck red to the elbows from his work below, and the terrible execution done by the concentrated English fire was evident to the English officers as they stepped on board the flag-ship. Dead men lay everywhere. A whole gun's crew was littered about alongside of their wrecked piece. From below came the mournful howling of a dog. The cockpit had been above the water's surface, owing to the *Lawrence's* shallow draught, and here was a frightful sight. The wounded had been killed outright or wounded again as they lay on the surgeon's table. Twice had Perry called away the surgeon's aids to help work ship, and once his hail of "Can any wounded men below there pull a rope?" was answered by three or four brave mangled fellows crawling up on deck to try to do their duty. All this was apparent to the English officers as they stepped over the bodies of the dead and went aft to where Perry stood with his arms folded, no vainglorious expression on his face, but one of sadness for the deeds that had been done that day. Each of the English officers in turn presented his sword, and in reply Perry bowed and requested that the side-arms should be retained. As soon as the formalities had been gone through with, Perry tore off the back of an old letter he took from his pocket, and, using his stiff hat for a writing-desk, scribbled the historic message which a detractor has charged he cribbed from Julius Cæsar, "We have met the enemy and they are ours — two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop."

Calling away a small boat, he sent Midshipman Forrest with the report to General William Henry Harrison.

A computation has been made by one historian of the number of guns directed against the *Lawrence* in the early part of the action. The English had heavier armaments and more long guns; they could fight at a distance where the chubby carronade was useless. The *Lawrence* had but seven guns whose shots could reach her opponents, while the British poured into her the concentrated fire of thirty-two! This accounts for the frightful carnage.

When the *Lawrence* was being shot through and through, and there were but three guns that could reply to the enemy's fire, Lieutenant Yarnell, disfigured by a bad wound across his face from a splinter, came up to where Perry was standing. "The officers of my division have all been cut down," he said. "Can I have others?" Perry looked about him and sent three of his aids to help Yarnell, but in less than a quarter of an hour the lieutenant returned again. His words were almost the same as before, but he had a fresh wound in his shoulder. "These officers," he said, "have been cut down also."

"There are no more," Perry replied. "Do your best without them."

Three times was Yarnell wounded, and three times after his wounds had been hurriedly dressed he returned to his post.

Dulany Forrest, the midshipman whom Perry sent with the despatch to General Harrison, had a most remarkable escape. He was a brave lad who had faced death before; he had seen the splinters fly in the action between the *Constitution* and the *Java*. Forrest was standing close to Captain Perry when a grape-shot that had glanced from the side of a port struck the mast, and, again deflected, caught the midshipman in the chest. He fell, gasping, at Perry's feet.

"Are you badly hurt, lad?" asked the latter, anxiously, as he raised the midshipman on his knee.

"No, sir; not much," the latter answered, as he caught his breath. "But this is my shot, I think." And with that he extracted the half-spent ball from his clothing and slipped it into his pocket.

Midshipman Henry Laub was killed in the cockpit just after having had a dressing applied to his shattered right arm. A Narragansett Indian who served as a gunner in the forward division of the *Lawrence* was killed in the same manner.

A summary of the losses on both sides shows that, despite the death-list of the *Lawrence*, the English loss was more severe. On board the American flag-ship twenty-two were killed and sixty-one were wounded. On board the *Niagara* two were killed and twenty-five wounded. The *Ariel* had one killed and three wounded. The *Scorpion*, two killed. The *Caledonia*, three wounded; and the *Somers* and *Trippe* each showed but two wounded men apiece. In all, twenty-seven were killed and ninety-six wounded on the American side. The comparison of the loss of the rest of the fleet and that suffered by the *Lawrence* makes a remarkable showing. The English lost forty-one killed and ninety-four wounded altogether. A number of Canadian Indians were found on board the English vessels. They had been engaged as marksmen, but the first shot had taken all the fight out of them, and they had hidden and skulked for safety.

Perry's treatment of the prisoners was magnanimous. Everything that would tend to relieve the sufferings of the wounded was done, and relief was distributed impartially among the sufferers on both sides. The result of this action was a restoration of practical peace along the frontier of the lake. The British evacuated Detroit and Michigan, and the dreaded invasion of the Indians that the settlers had feared so long was headed off.

Perry, who held but a commission of master commandant, despite his high acting rank, was promoted at once to a captaincy, the date of his commission bearing the date of his victory. He was given the command of the frigate *Java*, a new 44-gun ship then fitting out at Baltimore. Gold medals were awarded to him and to Elliot by Congress, and silver medals to each of the commissioned officers. A silver medal also was given to the nearest male relative of Lieutenant Brooks of the marines, and swords to the nearest male relatives of Midshipmen Laub, Claxton, and Clark. Three months' extra pay was voted to all the officers, seamen, and marines, and, in addition, Congress gave $225,000 in prize-money, to be divided among the American forces engaged in the action. This sum was distributed in the following proportions: Commodore Chauncey, who was in command on the Lakes, $12,750; Perry and Elliot, $7140 each—besides which Congress voted Perry an additional $5000; the commanders of gunboats, lieutenants, sailing-masters, and lieutenants of marines received $2295 each; midshipmen, $811; petty officers, $447 per capita; and marines and sailors, $209 apiece.

No money, however, could repay the brave men for the service they had rendered the country. To-day the dwellers along the shores of Lake Erie preserve the anniversary of the battle as an occasion for rejoicing. While the naval actions at sea reflected honor and glory to their commanders and credit to the service, the winning of the battle of Lake Erie averted a national catastrophe.

"ROSEMARY."

In the year 1837 a bachelor of forty-odd years, rich, and of good blood, had settled down to a humdrum country life somewhere in Devonshire, England. Though his appetite was good, his health lusty, and his person comely, he felt that his career was blighted, for he had suffered affliction, and he had no thought of marrying. He was a light-hearted fellow, for all that, young rather than old for his years, and he would tramp through the mud to the nearest post-office to get the new monthly number of *Nicholas Nickleby*—for Dickens was then putting forth his "two green leaves" a dozen times a year—and read it on the walk back by the light of a lantern carried by his servant if he were belated. An eccentric, contradictory, emotional, likable fellow was Sir Jasper Thorndyke, of Ingle Hall.

One night, after a shower, as he approached his own gateway, laughing immoderately over the humors of Miss Fanny Squeers, he had a strange encounter. There in the middle of the road was an overturned post-chaise, horseless and with a broken wheel, and behind it crouched three damp and agitated human beings, namely, George Minifie, the aged post-boy, who was sure Sir Jasper was the troubled spirit of the suicidal schoolmaster which was known to haunt that neighborhood; Miss Dolly Cruickshank, who was sure he was a highwayman; and Ensign William Westwood, with whom Dolly was eloping with a view to matrimony without her parents' consent, and who was prepared to lay down his life for Dolly but did not know just how to begin.

When the meaning of the situation became clear to Sir Jasper, it pleased him almost as much as the chapter he had been reading, in the rain, about Miss Squeers. He could not see the faces of the forlorn young lovers in the dark, but he was sure from Westwood's manner that the ensign was something of a cub, and he pictured Miss Cruickshank in his mind as a round little tomboy with a snub-nose and freckles. He prevailed upon them to accept his hospitality for the night, and presently found that he had also on his hands Dolly's parents, who had been following her in hot haste, and had also met with an accident.

Here was a nice fix for a peace-loving bachelor to be put in through no fault of his own; and to make matters worse, when Sir Jasper met in his breakfast-room next morning no snub-nosed little tomboy, but a veritable angel with sunny curls, and her arms full of flowers, his middle-aged heart received such a wrench as he knew would give it pain to his dying day. Not only did Sir Jasper fall desperately in love with Dolly, but he could see plainly, with the eyes of a man of the world, that the simple, inexperienced girl was deeply impressed by his good manners, agreeable appearance, and kindly attentions, and that he had only to speak the word to wrench her heart too, and make Ensign Westwood the most unhappy man on earth. He almost spoke that word several times; it got as far as his lips, but his conscience forced it back. True to his duty as a host and a man of honor, he strove to reconcile Miss Dolly's parents to her choice, and succeeded; and then he invited all his new friends to drive with him on his coach to London to see Victoria's coronation. Dolly rode with Sir Jasper on the box-seat, and Westwood was miserable all the way.

In London there was a lovers' quarrel, caused by something Dolly had written in her diary that she would not let William see. She read it to Sir Jasper, just to prove to him there was no harm in it, and he urged her not to show it to William. So she tore out the page and gave it to Jasper, and that one word was struggling mightily to get beyond his lips. But his conscience conquered his passion.

When William and Dolly were happily reconciled, ten minutes or so after their quarrel, and the day was fixed, he gave them his congratulations bravely; and he bore himself like a man when Dolly slipped back to say another good-by to him alone, and to give him a sprig of rosemary for remembrance. But he had quite a spell after that, and then he bought the old coffee-house in the Strand, and declared that the upper room in which he had last talked with Dolly should be kept forever as a shrine.

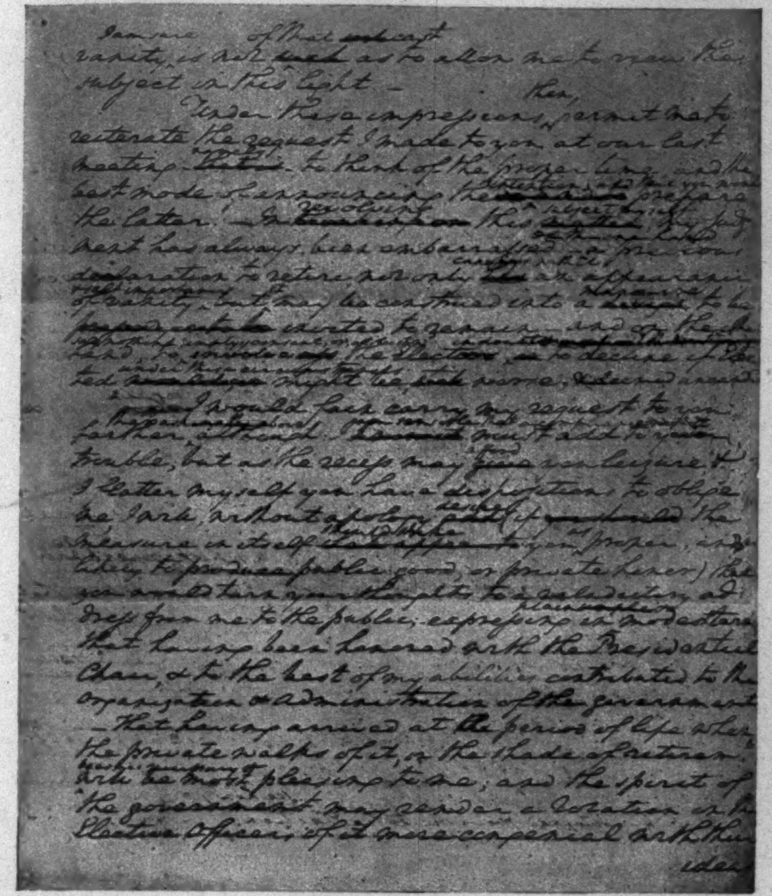
Fifty years afterward Sir Jasper Thorndyke was helped into that upper room on a night when London streets were illuminated and bands were playing in honor of the Queen's jubilee. He had an idea then that he ought to sell that queer old house. Such memories as he retained in the feebleness of extreme old age were all pleasant. He had dined with friends in that room on anniversaries of the coronation. But his friends were all dead now. He could not remember why he had refused to have a certain piece of the wainscoting repaired; and when that long-neglected part of the wainscoting fell, and disclosed the slip of paper he had concealed behind it half a century before, stained by time and gnawed by rats, it was with great difficulty that he could make out with his dimmed eyes a few of the words of Dolly's entry in her diary; and the memory that then slowly came to him of Dolly and his love was sweet and undisturbing.

This is the story of a romantic comedy called *Rosemary*, which people are now crowding the Empire Theatre to see. It was written by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, and is acted in London at the Criterion Theatre, with Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in the rôles here taken by John Drew and Maud Adams. Mr. Drew's portrayal of Jasper is graceful and eloquent, correct if not strongly moving in the emotional passages, and admirably graphic and tasteful in the touching picture of senility at the end. Miss Adams is very happy in expressing the perfect ingenuousness of Dolly, perhaps the most essential note in the play.

It is a pretty play, with just the right quality of sentiment to please people who go to the theatres, and some few echoes of Dickens that are gratifying once in a way. The quaint dresses and furniture of an era not often represented on the stage make it pictorially attractive. It is not a very witty piece, and it is certainly not a very wise one. As for its dramatic construction, it defies a dozen formal rules of stagecraft, and its first act is, as a protasis, as unblushingly inadequate and irregular as a sneak lead in whist. But its flower scene, and its diary scene, its rosemary scene, and its epilogue fifty years later are ingenious and charming, and touch the hearts of the least susceptible.

Edward A. Dithmar.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.


I am sure of what [illegible] vanity, is not such as to allow me to view the subject in this light —

Under these impressions, then, permit me to reiterate the request I made to you at our last meeting [illegible] to think of the proper time, and the best mode of announcing the [illegible] prepare the latter. — [illegible] this subject [illegible] my heart has always been embarrassed [illegible] declaration to retire not only [illegible] an appearance of vanity, but may be construed into a [illegible] invited to [illegible] — and on the [illegible] the Electors, [illegible] might be [illegible] worse, [illegible]

I would fain carry my request to you farther, although [illegible] must add to your trouble, but as the recess may give you leisure, & I flatter myself you have a disposition to oblige me, I ask, without apology [illegible] the measure in itself [illegible] to you proper, and likely to produce public good, or private honor) that you would turn your thoughts to a valedictory address from me to the public; expressing in plain & modest terms that having been honored with the Presidential Chair, & to the best of my abilities contributed to the organization & administration of the government — that having arrived at the period of life when the private walks of it, in the shade of retirement will be most pleasing to me; and the spirit of the government may render a rotation in the Elective Officers of it more congenial with their ideas

EXTRACT FROM THE ROUGH DRAFT OF WASHINGTON'S LETTER TO MADISON.
From Photograph by E. Bierstadt.

On Monday, September 19, 1796, the *Daily Advertiser*, of Philadelphia, contained the unusual feature of a special communication from the President of the United States, addressed to "Friends and Fellow-Citizens." Great interest was at once awakened in the purpose of such a departure from Washington's known disinclination to use the press as a channel of communicating with the public, and this purpose was unmistakably clear—he wished to retire from the public service, and in expressing the wish he sums up the thoughts and experience in public polity which had accumulated in his eventful career. Such a paper was of the nature of a political testament. On many occasions, before a full union of States had been accomplished, during the stress of war-times, and during the greater dangers of peace without union, he had addressed words of solemn warning to the States. His very name carried such weight as to make his adherence to a party a tower of strength; while his sincerity and absence of interested motives made his opinions, when expressed, the rallying-point for the ever-increasing party working for a strong federal government, with powers adequate to its ends. He made a union possible because he was to be the President—an office that in unscrupulous hands might become a tyranny and a curse. He could have remained in office had he so wished until his death. But he wishes to retire, and takes the people into his confidence. Such a paper could not have been the thought of a moment; all that we know of the man forbids such a conclusion. It has a history, and it is a history worth relating.

One year before the close of his first term of office, in February, 1792, Washington expressed to his Secretary of State, Jefferson, his earnest wish to retire from the public service. It had long been his intention to give up public life. At the end of the Revolution he had come to the determination of accepting no further public service; but he had been impressed by others with the great aid he could give in forming a government and in filling the Executive at the beginning of the experiment. He had surrendered his own views, attended and presided over the Constitutional Convention, and with reluctance accepted the Presidency of the now United States. He had, however, never entirely surrendered his desire to retire, and he thought 1792 was a fitting season to announce his desire.

He was led to do this by certain private considerations. "He really felt himself growing old, his bodily health less firm, his memory, always bad, becoming worse, and perhaps the other faculties of his mind showing a decay to others of which he was insensible himself; that this apprehension particularly oppressed him; that he found, moreover, his activity lessened, business therefore more irksome, and tranquillity and retirement become an irresistible passion." So Jefferson wrote in his *Anas*.

To the other members of his cabinet, Hamilton and Knox, and to Madison and Edmund Randolph, he expressed himself to the same effect. To retire, and to have the other great officers of the government retire at the same time, would, he thought, produce a shock on the public mind of dangerous consequence. Great as had been the advance of government, much remained to be done. Should he leave the chair, factions would arise and further advance be greatly impeded, perhaps checked. No man possessed his influence, or so commanded the public confidence. Hamilton, Knox, and even Jefferson were extremely importunate that he should not retire, and they united in laying before him the only argument which could appeal to him—the necessity of his remaining in office in the then situation of public affairs. His retirement at such a juncture might produce effects that ought not to be hazarded.

When Madison added his wishes to the same effect, the President enlarged somewhat upon his own position. "He could not believe or conceive himself anywise necessary to the successful administration of the government; that, on the contrary, he had from the beginning found himself deficient in many of the essential qualifications, owing to his inexperience in the forms of public business, his unfitness to judge of legal questions, and questions arising out of the Constitution; that others more conversant in such matters would be better able to execute the trust; that he found himself also in the decline of life, his health becoming sensibly more infirm, and perhaps his faculties also; that the fatigues and disagreeableness of his situation were in fact scarcely tolerable to him; that he only uttered his real sentiments when he declared that his inclination would lead him rather to go to his farm, take his spade in hand, and work for his bread than remain in his present situation; that it was evident, moreover, that a spirit of party in the government was becoming a fresh source of difficulty, and he was afraid was dividing some [alluding to the Secretary of State and Secretary of the Treasury] more particularly connected with him in the administration; that there were discontents among the people which were also showing themselves more and more, and that although the various attacks against public men and measures had not in general been pointed at him, yet in some instances it had been visible that he was the indirect object, and that it was probable the evidence would grow stronger and stronger that his return to private life was consistent with every public consideration, and, consequently, that he was justified in giving way to his inclination to it."

It was when in this frame of mind that Washington wrote a long letter to Madison, dated May 20, 1792, containing a synopsis of a proposed "valedictory address" to the public. In this he wished to urge the necessity of giving every possible support and cement to the Union, and to suggest that jealousy of public officers and measures should have limits. These were the main points to be considered, and all else would be supplementary to them. Madison submitted a paper of topics, and here the matter rested. Washington reiterated his wish to Jefferson in October, but was persuaded again to accept an election, with the probability of retiring within two years.

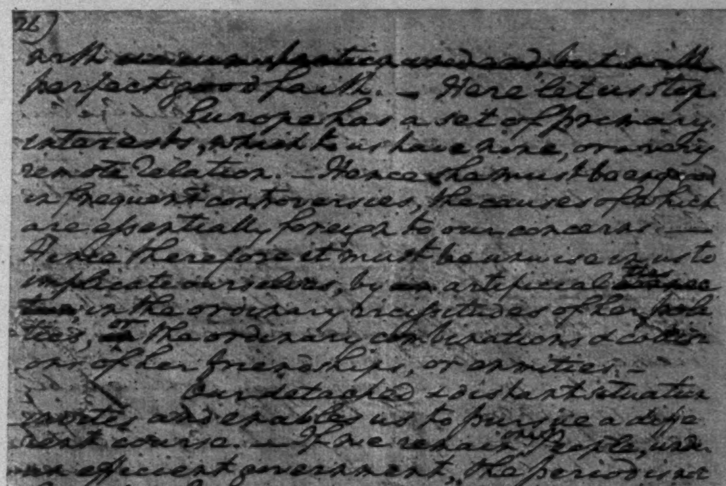
The second term of his administration was far more disagreeable than the first had been. The breach between Hamilton and Jefferson widened so as to make a union in thought or action impossible. Madison had drifted with Jefferson away from the President, and was no longer a confidential adviser, hardly a friend. Criticism of Washington, long muttered in party sheets in such form as to make others the apparent object, became open, direct, and scurrilous.

His name no longer served as a shield of unquestioned power. The foreign policy as well as the domestic measures of the Federalists created discussion that led to intense and bitter personalities, and Washington, cold and self-sufficient as he was, felt keenly anything that seemed to reflect upon himself or his acts. His cabinet was a centre of intrigue. Disappointed in his friend's treachery — the mysterious conduct of Edmund Randolph—he had allowed that able but archpolitician, Timothy Pickering, to rule the council board. It was with a sigh of relief that he saw the end approaching, and in April, 1796, he again reverts to a proposed address, taking Hamilton into his confidence, and submitting to him a draft of the paper. "My wish," he wrote, "is that the whole may appear in a plain style, and be handed to the public in an honest, unaffected, simple part." That the draft had been long by him is evidenced by his wish to give a part in quotation. "My reasons for it are, that as it is not only a fact that such an address was written, and on the point of being published, but known also to one or two of those characters who are now strongest and foremost in the opposition to the government"—that is, Jefferson and Madison.

Whatever was the form of the address as issued, the matter was supplied by Washington. Hamilton had a peculiar faculty of expression, and his long experience in war and in the cabinet, in close connection with Washington, had given him a marked capacity for interpreting the wishes of his chief. The language of the address may largely be attributed to Hamilton, and his "draft" among his papers is ample proof of this. He showed it to Jay, in whose judgment the President had full confidence, and it was then returned to Washington. Both Washington and Hamilton were impressed with the solemnity of the occasion. In the address Washington gives expression to the hope that even if the counsels should not make the strong and lasting impression he could wish, "they will controul the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of Nations. But if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit; some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischief of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated."

There are few of his formal papers more characteristic of Washington than this address. He was a man very diffident of his own merits and shunning display. One paragraph in the draft was struck out to "avoid the imputation of affected modesty"; and a second suffered the same fate as having the "appearance of self-distrust and mere vanity." Yet with this true modesty he was keenly sensitive to criticism, and from this arose the exceeding care with which he studied the form and matter of the address. To have any part open to ridicule, or to give occasion to his critics, and they were now not small in number or backward in expression, would have destroyed his purpose in the publishing. The rough draft of the letter to Madison shows his care in working over the expression. Claypoole, in whose paper it was first printed, noted that in reading the proof the President made some alterations in the punctuation, "in which he was very minute." The result was commensurate with the labor. In 1796 the address was received respectfully, and with a deep sense of the importance of the occasion. In 1896 the paper can be read with advantage, and no higher praise could be given. That the writer had given an epitome of his political education, an education which had been unusually varied and thorough for the time, is evident by its permanent value. The utterances are to-day the very commonplace of political wisdom. In his own day the beginnings of a government threw a glamour over these uttterances which lent them color. In these days of jingoism and of financial madness it is well to hark back to the simple and sincere propositions of the address. The warnings against foreign entanglements, against faction and abuse of the instruments of government, against national dishonor and sectional strife, are as pertinent in 1896 as they were in 1796.

WORTHINGTON C. FORD.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with [illegible] but with perfect good faith. — Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. — Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. — Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by an artificial [illegible], in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations & collisions of her friendships, or enmities. —

Our detached & distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. — If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; — when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; — when [illegible] belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation [illegible]; — when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by justice shall counsel. —

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? — Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? — Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity

A PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL DRAFT OF THE FAREWELL ADDRESS.
From Photograph by E. Bierstadt.

"HIGH TIDE" AT GETTYSBURG.—DRAWN BY CHARLES S. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 926.]

FACTS AND FANCIES ABOUT MARS.

BY GARRETT P. SERVISS.

SOME two years ago Mr. Percival Lowell established an observatory in Arizona for the purpose of studying the planet Mars, especially with a view to the question of its habitability. Possessing ample means, an active imagination, an enduring enthusiasm, a proper regard for facts and a clear literary style, Mr. Lowell has succeeded in placing even the astronomers under an obligation to him. The results of his observations and meditations on Mars he has recently put before the public in the form of a popularly written and well-illustrated book. Furnished with a refracting telescope of eighteen-inch aperture, and assisted by Professor W. H. Pickering and Mr. A. E. Douglass, Mr. Lowell observed the planet assiduously during the opposition of 1894, and for several months before and after.

Many readers may like to be informed what the apparent distance of Mars is when viewed, at opposition, with such magnifying powers as those used by Mr. Lowell. Look at the moon with a glass magnifying from four to six times, and its features will be presented under about the same visual angle as that of the Martian markings as Mr. Lowell saw them with his telescope. In the northern part of the moon's disk there is an oval dark spot named Plato, 60 miles in length. When the observer with the opera-glass has noted the inconspicuousness of Plato he will appreciate the difficulty of studying spots of similar dimensions on Mars, even when a large and powerful telescope is used. At the same time, on being informed that those interesting round shadows detected on the disk of Mars by Mr. Lowell, and called, in his nomenclature, "oases," average from two to two and a half times the diameter of Plato, he will perceive that these Martian phenomena must, after all, lie within the range of easy visibility with a first-class telescope used amid first-class atmospheric conditions.

Mr. Lowell and his assistants have been the first to add to the number of those mysterious dark lines on Mars, originally discovered by Schiaparelli of Milan, and designated "canals." In fact, the result of Mr. Lowell's work has been to more than double the list of these singular planetary markings. In many other ways he has greatly extended our knowledge of the geography of the red world, and he has so correlated all the phenomena of the surface of Mars as to present what is, upon the whole, an original and picturesque representation of that planet.

Some question has been raised as to the accuracy, and consequent value, of the sketches and drawings of Mars made at Mr. Lowell's observatory. But, while they exceed in number and detail those produced elsewhere, it seems to me that they bear internal evidence of faithfulness and painstaking, and there is nothing in them inconsistent with what has been less distinctly seen or less carefully pictured at other first-class observatories.

Thus much being premised, let us examine these new aspects of Mars from two points of view. And first as to

FACTS.

Mars, a globe about 4200 miles in diameter, rotates on its axis a little more slowly than the earth, so that the combined length of its day and night exceeds by some forty minutes the duration of day and night on the earth. As it turns, its various sides are presented in succession to our view. Its axis being inclined at an angle very similar to that of the earth's axis, it has seasons and climatic zones resembling ours, and alternately its poles lean toward and away from the sun. During the opposition of 1894 the south pole of Mars was inclined sunwards, and at the same time earthwards. As a consequence we could look upon the southern polar region of Mars at that time, while its northern polar region was concealed. It was then summer in the southern hemisphere of that planet. Surrounding the south pole, early in June, 1894, was a broad white cap, more than 2000 miles across, according to Mr. Lowell, and extending over fifty-five degrees of latitude. At this time spring was advancing in the southern hemisphere of Mars, the vernal equinox having occurred there about a month before. Bordering the white cap on all sides was a dark band, showing, Mr. Lowell says, a blue color. As the nights went by, the observers noticed that the white cap was rapidly shrinking in size, and that the dark blue band was also contracting, and constantly maintaining its position as a girdle to the diminishing circle of white. In August the white cap had become a tiny speck, and the dark band a barely visible thread surrounding it. At the end of August the summer solstice occurred in the southern hemisphere of Mars. The white patch had receded under the slowly rising summer sun in a manner irresistibly recalling that in which the snow-fields of our northern regions melt away with the advance of summer. About six weeks after the summer solstice of Mars the white patch completely disappeared, and the entire expanse of the south polar regions of that planet lay bare and brown. At the same time the dark girdle was no longer visible. It lasted while the white cap lasted, was largest when the cap was largest, became smaller and narrower as the cap diminished, and vanished when the cap disappeared.

In order to understand what follows we must now return to the aspect of Mars in June, 1894. Then the polar field of white and its dark blue bordering band were both very broad and conspicuous. North of the band—*i. e.*, toward the equator—a large part of the planet's surface presented a "blue-green" tint, lighter in shade than the blue polar band. Still further north, and including broad regions on either side of the equator, the general color of the surface was reddish ochre, with a few shadows projecting out of the darker regions of the south. But as the white cap about the pole diminished, and the narrowing band followed its edge poleward, changes began in these dark regions adjacent to the polar band. "Orange-yellow" patches made their appearance, and these patches gradually became lighter in color and larger and more numerous, while the dark areas surrounding them faded, until, in October, when the last remnants of the polar cap and its blue border had vanished, almost the entire area of what may be called the south temperate zone of Mars had turned from blue-green to orange ochre.

In the mean time another change was noted by Mr. Lowell and his assistants. In June a few of the straight, narrow, dark streaks called canals were seen on the southern part of the permanently reddish-ochre region, which includes the torrid and part of the temperate zones. These canals were adjacent to and connected with the dusky southern regions, which, in turn, were contiguous with the dark blue polar band. As the season advanced, canals began to make their appearance farther and farther north, until, after a time, the canals and dark areas toward the south relatively faded, while those near and beyond the equator on the north darkened. In other words, a dusky wave had swept from the southern pole over the face of the planet, and this was followed by a wave of lighter hue, of orange and yellow. In fact, after the disappearance of the polar cap, the south pole itself and all the surface around it turned brown.

One other fact needs to be mentioned before we undertake to follow Mr. Lowell's interpretation of the appearances described. The canals are straight lines, and the better the seeing, Mr. Lowell says, the straighter they look. They run in every direction, turn aside for nothing, and cross one another without interruption at all sorts of angles, so that they form a geometrical system, or net-work, covering the face of the planet. Schiaparelli saw them only in the reddish-ochre regions; but at the Lowell Observatory about forty canals were detected crossing the dark-colored areas, and these form continuous lines with those in the lighter regions. In many places where the canals cross one another, or where four, six, or more meet like the spokes of a wheel, round dark spots are seen.

Thus far we have dealt only with facts of observation. All these things have been seen, and they are not matter of inference. Let us now consider the

INTERPRETATIONS.

Hitherto astronomers in general have agreed in regarding the division of the surface of Mars into lighter and darker areas as probably resulting from the existence of land and water there, the dusky regions representing the lakes and seas. The white polar cap, waning with the advance of summer, has, quite naturally, been thought to be composed of snow and ice. These things, of course, imply the existence of an atmosphere, but there is very little direct proof that Mars has an atmosphere. The most recent spectroscopic investigation has failed to detect it; but then it is conceded that its atmosphere, on account of the small mass of the planet, must be far rarer than the earth's—rarer perhaps at sea-level than our air is on the loftiest mountain-tops—and an atmosphere so rare as that might be imperceptible with existing spectroscopes.

The dusky bluish or greenish areas being regarded as representing water, it followed, according to the older interpretation of Martian phenomena, that the canals, which are connected at their terminal points with the dark areas, and which resemble those areas in tint, represent water also. As Mr. Lowell remarks, the marvellous straightness of the canals and the geometrical exactness of their arrangement irresistibly suggest design and artificiality. In other words, they look as if man, or some creature of equivalent intelligence to man, and not unthinking nature, had constructed them. The artificial appearance of the canals is heightened by Mr. Lowell's discovery of the round spots at their intersections. From some of these spots the canals radiate as roads and railroads do from a great terrestrial capital, only, instead of being more or less crooked, the canals are almost incredibly straight. In this respect they are like the railways that man builds across prairies and sandy tracts, where no hills or other obstacles compel deviations from a direct line.

One great difficulty that has always stood in the way of the acceptance of the theory that the canals are really artificial in origin arises from their great dimensions. Nearly all of them are several hundreds and some of them thousands of miles in length, while they vary in width from thirty to fifty or sixty miles. This difficulty vanishes, however, if we accept Mr. Lowell's interpretation of the canals. According to him they are not really canals, but lines of irrigation. Canals no doubt exist there, but they are too small to be separately visible. So the round spots at their junctions, some of which previous observers had detected, are, in Mr. Lowell's opinion, not lakes of water, but irrigated oases, the broad red-ochre expanses in the midst of which they appear, and which the canals intersect in every direction, being *dry* land in the most emphatic sense—in other words, deserts.

This statement gives the clew to Mr. Lowell's theory of Mars. His observations, and those of his assistants, have convinced him that the only considerable body of water on Mars is the dark blue band surrounding the polar cap. That cap, he thinks, as others have done, represents the winter accumulation of snow, and contains, locked up by frost, practically all the water on the planet. As the polar snow begins to melt with the approach of spring, a circular sea forms around its edge. This sea gradually drains off, and its waters are lost in the dusky areas toward the equator. These areas are not entirely desert, like the broad red-ochre region, but contain the germs and roots of vegetation, which quickens with the annual access of water from the melting polar snows, and so the dusky expanses visibly darken in hue. Then the canals begin to make their appearance, first in the neighborhood of the dark areas. They are due, Mr. Lowell thinks, to the leading off of the water through channels of irrigation traversing the deserts, and the consequent growth of vegetation upon long narrow belts. There is not enough water to irrigate the desert continents as a whole, and so the inhabitants do the best they can by freshening certain belts and spots once every Martian year. Soon after the polar snows have completely disappeared, and the polar sea has been entirely drained off, the areas of vegetation begin to fade, and the canals and oases vanish, to make their appearance again when the proper season returns.

Remembering the sequence of observed phenomena on Mars as described above, it will be seen that this theory accounts very well for what is seen. At any rate, it is the most complete theory that has yet been advanced.

In regard to the supposititious inhabitants themselves, dwelling upon a half-dried-up world, and compelled to husband its small remaining store of water with such infinite pains, Mr. Lowell has nothing to offer. He accepts the opinions, previously advanced by others, that the people of Mars may be of gigantic stature, on account of the small force of gravity there, and therefore capable of greater physical feats than we can perform, and that, their world being further along in its geological history than ours is, they also may have attained a more advanced state of civilization and culture than yet exists among the peoples of the earth.

"HIGH TIDE" AT GETTYSBURG.

PICKETT'S famous charge at Gettysburg marked "high tide" in that great battle of three days. Meade's Union forces were massed on Cemetery Ridge and Lee's Confederate forces were assembled on Seminary Ridge. The fight on July 3, 1863, the crucial day of battle, began with an artillery engagement at 1 P.M. It raged for two hours. Meade's artillery was practically silenced. Then came the magnificent charge of the Confederates. In three splendid lines of battle they swept across the plain. Gibbons's forces on Cemetery Ridge were the centre of attack. The Union forces waited until the Confederates were within one hundred yards, and the first line of battle was almost annihilated by their fire. The Confederates started to retreat. One part of their line, however, made a hole in the Union forces. The others swept over to them. A great rush followed on both sides. Into a little copse they swarmed. Three Pennsylvania regiments were massed at the famous stone wall on which there was a low fence. One regiment of the Pennsylvania men was deployed some distance behind the fence and two fought directly behind it.

Scores and hundreds of Pickett's men swarmed over the fence in hand-to-hand encounters. The two Pennsylvania regiments remained steadfast at the wall. The third regiment fought those who had broken through the line. Re-enforcements finally arrived, and the desperate charge was repulsed. Those of the Confederates who had broken through the lines were captured and Gettysburg was won.

In the midst of this terrific fighting there was one gun that did magnificent work. It was commanded by Lieutenant A. H. Cushing, of Battery A, Fourth United States Artillery, brother of the famous Lieutenant Cushing of the navy. In the artillery engagement earlier in the day all the guns of Cushing's battery save one had been silenced. All of the officers were dead or wounded. Those of the men that remained pushed the gun down to the stone wall, and there Cushing fought with a desperation that was worthy of his bravery. Three of the limbers of his gun were blown up and changes were made with the caisson limbers under fire. Wheels that were shot off were replaced in that "rain of missiles" and "strange and terror-spreading sounds, unexampled, perhaps, in history," as Colonel N. J. Hall said in his report.

It was while fighting there, part of the time prostrated with wounds, that the gallant Cushing met his death. Mr. Reinhart's picture graphically illustrates his heroism. It was of that heroism that General Alexander S. Webb said in his report:

"Lieutenant A. H. Cushing fell mortally wounded at the fence beside his gun. Cool, brave, competent, he fought for an hour and a half after he had reported to me that he had been wounded in both thighs."

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. T. SMEDLEY.

XXXIII.

IN a little room at the side of that where the men's hats and coats were checked, Alan Lynde sat drooping forward in an arm-chair, with his head fallen on his breast. He roused himself at the flash of the burner which the man turned up. "What's all this?" he demanded, haughtily. "Where's the carriage? What's the matter?"

"Your carriage is waiting, Lynde," said Westover. "I'll see you down to it," and he murmured hopelessly to the caterer's man, "Is there any back way?"

"There's the wan we got um up by."

"It will do," said Westover, as simply.

But Lynde called out defiantly: "Back way; I sha'n't go down back way. Inshult to guest. I wish—say—good-night to—Mrs. Enderby. Who you, anyway? Damn caterer's man?"

"I'm Westover, Lynde," the painter began, but the young fellow broke in upon him, shaking his hand and then taking his arm.

"Oh, Westover! All right! I'll go down back way with *you*. Thought—thought it was damn caterer's man. No—offence."

"No. It's all right." Westover got his arm under Lynde's elbow, and with the man going before for them to fall upon jointly in case they should stumble, he got him down the dark and twisting stairs and through the basement hall, which was vaguely haunted by the dispossessed women servants of the family, and so out upon the pavement of the moonlighted streets.

"Call Miss Lynde's car'ge," shouted the caterer's man to the barker, and escaped back into the basement, leaving Westover to stay his helpless charge on the sidewalk.

It seemed a publication of the wretch's shame when the barker began to fill the night with hoarse cries of, "Miss Lynde's carriage; carriage for Miss Lynde!" The cries were taken up by a coachman here and there in the rank of vehicles whose varnished roofs shone in the moon up and down the street. After a time that Westover of course felt to be longer than it was, Miss Lynde's old coachman was roused from his sleep on the box and started out of the rank. He took in the situation with the eye of custom, when he saw Alan supported on the sidewalk by a stranger at the end of the canopy covering the pavement.

He said, "Oh, ah right, sor," and when the two white-gloved policemen from either side of it helped Westover into the carriage with Lynde, he set off at a quick trot. The policemen clapped their hands together, and smiled across the strip of carpeting that separated them, and winks and nods of intelligence passed among the barkers to the footmen about the curb and steps. There were none of them sorry to see a gentleman in that state; some of them had perhaps seen Alan in that state before.

Half-way home he roused himself and put his hand on

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2063.

the carriage door latch. "Tell the coachman drive us to—the—club. Make night of it."

"No, no," said Westover, trying to restrain him. "We'd better go right on to your house."

"Who—who—who are you?" demanded Alan.

"Westover."

"Oh, yes—Westover. Thought we left Westover at Mrs.—Enderby's. Thought it was that jay— What's his name? Durgin. He's awful jay, but civil to me, and I want be civil to him. You're not—jay? No? That's right. Fellow made me sick; but I took his—champagne; and I must—show him some—attention." He released the door-handle, and fell back against the cushioned carriage wall. "He's a blackguard!" he said, sourly. "Not—simple jay—blackguard, too. No—no—business bring in my sister's name, hey? You—you say it's—Westover? Oh, yes, Westover. Old friend of family. Tell you good joke, Westover—my sister's. No more jays for me, no more jags for you. That's what she say—just between her and me, you know; she's a lady, Bess is; knows when to use—slang. Mark—mark of a lady know when to use—slang. Pretty good—jays and jags! Guess we didn't count this time—either of us."

When the carriage pulled up before Miss Lynde's house, Westover opened the door. "You're at home, now, Lynde. Come, let's get out."

Lynde did not stir. He asked Westover again who he was, and when he had made sure of him, he said, with dignity, Very well; now they must get the other fellow." Westover entreated; he even reasoned; Lynde lay back in the corner of the carriage, and seemed asleep.

Westover thought of pulling him up and getting him in-doors by main force. He appealed to the coachman to know if they could not do it together.

"Why, you see, I couldn't leave me harsses, sor," said the coachman. "What's he wants, sor?" He bent urbanely down from his box and listened to the explanation that Westover made him, standing in the cold on the curbstone, with one hand on the carriage door. "Then it's no use, sor," the man decided. "Whin he's that way, all hell couldn't stir um. Best go back, sor, and try to find the gentleman."

This was in the end what Westover had to do, feeling all the time that a thing so frantically absurd could not be a waking act, but helpless to escape from its performance. He thought of abandoning his charge and leaving him to his fate when he opened the carriage door before Mrs. Enderby's house; but with the next thought he perceived that this was on all accounts impossible. He went in, and began his quest for Jeff, sending various serving-men about with vague descriptions of him, and asking for him of departing guests, mostly young men whom he did not know, but who, he thought, might know Jeff.

He had to take off his overcoat at last, and reappear at the ball. The crowd was still great, but visibly less dense than it had been. By a sudden inspiration he made his way to the supper-room, and he found Jeff there, filling a plate, as if he were about to carry it off somewhere. He commanded Jeff's instant presence in the carriage outside; he told him of Alan's desire for him.

Jeff leaned back against the wall with the plate in his hand and laughed till it half slipped from his hold. When he could get his breath, he said: "I'll be back in a few minutes; I've got to take this to Miss Bessie Lynde. But I'll be right back."

Westover hardly believed him. But when he got on his own things again, Jeff joined him in his hat and overcoat, and they went out together.

It was another carriage that stopped the way now, and once more the barker made the night ring with what Westover felt his heartless and shameless cries for Miss Lynde's carriage. After a maddening delay, it lagged up to the curb and Jeff pulled the door open.

"Hello!" he said. "There's nobody here!"

"Nobody there!" cried Westover, and they fell upon the coachman with wild question and reproach; the policeman had to tell him at last that the carriage must move on, to make way for others.

The coachman had no explanation to offer; he did not know how or when Mr. Alan had got away.

"But you can give a guess where he's gone," Jeff suggested, with a presence of mind which Westover mutely admired.

"Well, sor, I know where he do be gahn, sometimes," the man admitted.

"Well, that will do; take me there," said Jeff. "You go in and account for me to Miss Lynde," he instructed Westover, across his shoulder. "I'll get him home before morning, somehow; and I'll send the carriage right back for the ladies, now."

Westover had the forethought to decide that Miss Bessie should ask for Jeff if she wanted him, and this simplified matters very much. She asked nothing about him. At sight of Westover coming up to her where she sat with her aunt, she merely said, "Why, Mr. Westover! I thought you took leave of this scene of gayety long ago."

"Did you?" Westover returned provisionally, and she saved him the sin of framing some deceit in final answer by her next question.

"Have you seen anything of Alan lately?" she asked, in a voice involuntarily lowered.

Westover replied in the same octave, "Yes, I saw him going a good while ago."

"Oh!" said the girl. "Then I think my aunt and I had better go too."

Still she did not go, and there was an interval in which she had the air of vaguely waiting. To Westover's vision, the young people still passing to and from the ballroom were like the painted figures of a picture quickened with sudden animation. There were scarcely any elders to be seen now, except the chaperons, who sat in their places with iron fortitude; Westover realized that he was the only man of his age left. He felt that the lights ought to have grown dim, but the place was as brilliant as ever. A window had been opened somewhere, and the cold breath of the night was drawing through the heated rooms.

He was content to have Bessie stay on, though he was almost dropping with sleep, for he was afraid that if she went at once, the carriage might not have got back, and the whole affair must somehow be given away: at last, if she were waiting, she decided to wait no longer, and then Westover did not know how to keep her. He saw her rise and stoop over her aunt, putting her mouth to the elder lady's ear, and he heard her saying, "I am going home, Aunt Louisa." She turned sweetly to him. "Won't you let us set you down, Mr. Westover?"

"Why, thank you, I believe I prefer walking. But do let me have your carriage called," and again he hurried himself into his overcoat and hat, and ran down stairs, and the barker a third time sent forth his lamentable cries in summons of Miss Lynde's carriage.

While he stood on the curb-stone eagerly peering up and down the street, he heard, without being able either to enjoy or resent it, one of the policemen say across him to the other, "Miss Lynde seems to be doin' a livery-stable business to-night."

Almost at the moment a carriage drove up, and he recognized Miss Lynde's coachman, who recognized him. "Just got back, sor," he whispered, and a minute later Bessie came daintily out over the carpeted way with her aunt.

"How good of you!" she said, and "Good-night, Mr. Westover," said Miss Lynde, with an implication in her voice that virtue was peculiarly its own reward for those who performed any good office for her or hers.

Westover shut them in, the carriage rolled off, and he started on his homeward walk with a long sigh of relief.

XXXIV.

Bessie asked the sleepy man who opened her aunt's door whether her brother had come in yet, and found that he had not. She helped her aunt off up stairs with her maid, and when she came down again she sent the man to bed; she told him she was going to sit up and she would let her brother in. The caprices of Alan's latch-key were known to all the servants, and the man understood what she meant. He said he had left a light in the reception-room and there was a fire there; and Bessie tripped on down from the library floor where she had met him. She had put off her ball dress and had slipped into the simplest and easiest of breakfast frocks, which was by no means plain. Bessie had no plain frocks for any hour of the day; her frocks all expressed in stuff and style and color, and the bravery of their flying laces and ribbons, the audacity of spirit with which she was herself *chicqued* together, as she said. This one she had on now was something that brightened her dull complexion, and brought out the best effect of her eyes and mouth, and seemed the affluence of her personal dash and grace. It made the most of her, and she liked it beyond all her other negligees for its complaisance.

She got a book, and sat down in a long low chair before the fire and crossed her pretty slippers on the warm hearth. It was a quarter after three by the clock on the mantel; but she had never felt more eagerly awake. The party had not been altogether to her mind, up to midnight, but after that it had been a series of rapid and vivid emotions, which continued themselves still in the tumult of her nerves, and seemed to demand an indefinite sequence of experience. She did not know what state her brother might be in when he came home; she had not seen anything of him after she first went out to supper; till then, though, he had kept himself straight, as he needs must; but she could not tell what happened to him afterwards. She hoped that he would come home able to talk, for she wished to talk. She wished to talk about herself; and as she had already had flattery enough, she wanted some truth about herself; she wanted Alan to say what he thought of her behavior the whole evening with that jay. He must have seen something of it in the beginning, and she should tell him all the rest. She should tell him just how often she had danced with the man, and how many dances she had sat out with him; how she had pretended once that she was engaged when another man asked her, and then danced with the jay, to whom she pretended that he had engaged her for the dance. She had wished to see how he would take it; for the same reason she had given to some one else a dance that was really his. She would tell Alan how the jay had asked her for that last dance, and then never come near her again. That would give him the whole situation, and she would know just what he thought of it.

What she thought of it herself she hardly knew, or made believe she hardly knew. She prided herself upon not being a flirt; she might not be very good, as goodness went, but she was not despicable, and a flirt was despicable. She did not call the audacity of her behavior with the jay flirting; he seemed to understand it as well as she, and to meet her in her own spirit; she wondered now whether this jay was really more interesting than the other men one met, or only different; whether he was original, like Alan himself, or merely novel, and would soon wear down to the tiresomeness that seemed to underlie them all, and made one wish to do something dreadful. In the jay's presence she had no wish to do anything dreadful. Was it because he was dreadful enough for both, all the time, without doing anything? She would like to ask Alan that, and see how he would take it. Nothing seemed to put the jay out, so far as she had tried, and she had tried some bold impertinences with him. He was very jolly through them all, and at the worst of them he laughed and asked her for that dance, which he never came to claim, though in the mean time he brought her some belated supper, and was devoted to her and her aunt, inventing services to do for them. Then suddenly he went off and did not return, and Mr. Westover mysteriously reappeared, and got their carriage.

She heard a scratching at the key-hole of the outside door; she knew it was Alan's latch. She had left the inner door ajar, that there might be no uncertainty of hearing him, and she ran out into the space between that and the outer door where the fumbling and scraping kept on.

"Is that you, Alan?" she called, softly, and if she had any doubt before, she had none when she heard her brother outside, cursing his luck with his key as usual.

She flung the door open, and confronted him with another man, who had his arms around him as if he had caught him from falling with the inward pull of the door. Alan got to his feet and grappled with the man, and insisted that he should come in and make a night of it.

Bessie saw that it was Jeff, and they stood a moment, looking at each other. Jeff tried to free himself with an appeal to Bessie: "I beg your pardon, Miss Lynde. I walked home with your brother, and I was just helping him to get in—I didn't think that you—"

Alan said, with his measured distinctness: "Nobody cares what you think. Come in, and get something to carry you over the bridge. Cambridge cars stopped running long ago. I say you *shall!*" He began to raise his voice. A light flashed in a window across the way, and a sash was lifted; some one must be looking out.

"Oh, come in with him!" Bessie implored, and at a little yielding in Jeff, her brother added:

"Come in, you damn jay!"

Jeff made haste to shut the door behind them. He was laughing; and if it was from mere brute insensibility to what would have shocked another in the situation, his frank recognition of its grotesqueness was of better effect than any hopeless effort to ignore it would have been. People adjust themselves to their trials; it is the pretence of the witness, that there is no trial, which hurts, and Bessie was not wounded by Jeff's laugh.

"There's a fire here in the reception-room," she said. "Can you get him in?"

"I guess so."

Jeff lifted Alan into the room and stayed him on foot there, while he took off his hat and overcoat, and then he let him sink into the low easy-chair Bessie had just risen from. All the time, Alan was bidding her ring and have some champagne and cold meat set out on the sideboard, and she was lightly promising and coaxing. But he drowsed quickly in the warmth, and the last demand for supper died half uttered on his lips.

Jeff asked across him: "Can't I get him up stairs for you? I can carry him."

She shook her head, and whispered back, "I can leave him here," and she looked at Jeff with a moment's hesitation. "Did you—do you think that—any one noticed him, at Mrs. Enderby's?"

"No; they had got him in a room by himself—the caterer's men had."

"And you found him there?"

"Mr. Westover found him there."

"I don't understand."

"Didn't he come to you after I left?"

"Yes."

"I told him to excuse me—"

"He didn't."

"Well, I guess he was pretty badly rattled." Jeff stopped himself in the vague laugh of one who remembers something ludicrous, and turned his face away.

"Tell me what it was!" she demanded nervously.

"Mr. Westover had been home with him once, and he wouldn't stay. He made Mr. Westover come back for me."

"What did he want with you?"

Jeff shrugged.

"And then what?"

"We went out to the carriage, as soon as I could get away from you; but he wasn't in it. I sent Mr. Westover back to you and set out to look for him."

"That was very good of you. And I—thank you for your kindness to my brother. I shall not forget it. And I wish to beg your pardon."

"What for?" asked Jeff, bluntly.

"For blaming you when you didn't come back for the dance."

If Bessie had meant nothing but what was fitting to the moment, some inherent lightness of nature played her false. But even the histrionic touch which she could not keep out of her voice, her manner, another sort of man might have found merely pathetic.

Jeff laughed with subtle intelligence. "Were you very hard on me?"

"Very," she answered in kind, forgetting her brother, and the whole terrible situation.

"Tell me what you thought of me," he said, and he came a little nearer to her, looking very handsome and very strong. "I should like to know."

"I said I should never speak to you again."

"And you kept your word," said Jeff. "Well, that's all right. Good-night—or good-morning, whichever it is." He took her hand, which she could not withdraw, or feigned to herself that she could not withdraw, and looked at her with a silent laugh, and a hardy sceptical glance that she felt take in every detail of her prettiness, her plainness. Then he turned, and went out, and she ran quickly and locked the door upon him.

XXXV.

Bessie crept up to her room, where she spent the rest of the night in her chair, amidst a tumult of emotion which she would have called thinking. She asked herself the most searching questions, but she got no very candid answers to them, and she decided that she must see the whole fact with some other's eyes before she could know what she had meant or what she had done.

When she let the daylight into her room, it showed her a face in her mirror that bore no trace of conflicting anxieties. Her complexion favored this effect of inward calm; it was always thick; and her eyes seemed to her all the brighter for their vigils.

A smile, even, hovered on her mouth as she sat down at the breakfast table, in the pretty negligee she had worn all night, and poured out Miss Lynde's coffee for her.

"That's always very becoming to you, Bessie," said her aunt. "It's the nicest breakfast gown you have."

"Do you think so?" Bessie looked down at it, first on one side and then on the other, as a woman always does when her dress is spoken of.

"Mr. Alan said he would have his breakfast in his room, miss," murmured the butler, in husky respectfulness, as he returned to Bessie from carrying Miss Lynde's cup to her. "He don't want anything but a little toast and coffee."

She perceived that the words were meant to make it easy for her to ask, "Isn't he very well, Andrew?"

"About as usual, miss," said Andrew, a thought more sepulchral than before. "He's going on—about as usual."

She knew this to mean that he was going on from bad to worse, and that his last night's excess was the beginning of a debauch which could end only in one way. She must send for the doctor; he would decide what was best, when he saw how Alan came through the day.

Late in the afternoon she heard Mary Enderby's voice in the reception-room, bidding the man say that if Miss Bessie were lying down she would come up to her, or would go away, just as she wished. She flew down stairs with a glad cry of "Molly! What an inspiration! I was

"COME IN, YOU DAMN JAY."

just thinking of you, and wishing for you. But I didn't suppose you were up yet!"

"It's pretty early," said Miss Enderby. "But I should have been here before if I could, for I knew I shouldn't wake you, Bessie, with your habit of turning night into day, and getting up any time in the forenoon."

"How dissipated you sound!"

"Yes, don't I? But I've been thinking about you ever since I woke, and I had to come and find out if you were alive, anyhow."

"Come up stairs and see!" said Bessie, holding her friend's hand on the sofa where they had dropped down together, and going all over the scene of last night in that place, for the thousandth time.

"No, no; I really mustn't. I hope you had a good time?"

"At *your* house!"

"How dear of you! But, Bessie, I got to thinking you'd been rather sacrificed. It came into my mind the instant I woke, and gave me this severe case of conscience. I suppose it's a kind of conscience."

"Yes, yes. Go on! I like having been a martyr, if I don't know what about."

"Why, you know, Bessie, or if you don't you will presently, that it was I who got mamma to send him a card; I felt rather sorry for him, that day at Mrs. Bevidge's, because she'd so obviously got him there to use him, and I got mamma to ask him. Everything takes care of itself, at a large affair, and I thought I might trust in Providence, to deal with him after he came; and then I saw you made a *means* the whole evening! I didn't reflect that there always has to be a *means!*"

"It's a question of Mr. Durgin?" said Bessie, coldly thrilling at the sound of a name that she pronounced so gayly in a tone of sympathetic amusement.

Miss Enderby bobbed her head. "It shows that we ought never to do a good action, doesn't it? But, poor thing! How *you* must have been swearing off!"

"I don't know. Was it so very bad? I'm trying to think," said Bessie, thinking that after this beginning it would be impossible to confide in Mary Enderby.

"Oh, now, Bessie! Don't *you* be patient, or I shall begin to lose my faith in human nature. Just say at once that it was an outrage, and I'll forgive you! You see," Miss Enderby went on, "it isn't merely that he's a jay; but he isn't a very *nice* jay. None of the men like him—except Freddy Lancaster, of course; he likes everybody, on principle; he doesn't count. I thought that perhaps, although he's so crude, and blunt, he might be sensitive and high-minded; you're always reading about such things; but they say he isn't, in the least; oh, not the *least!* They say he goes with a set of fast jays, and that he's *dreadful;* though he has a very good mind, and could do very well if he chose. That's what cousin Jim said to-day; he's just been at our house; and it was so extremely telepathic that I thought I must run round and prevent your having the man on your conscience if you felt you had had too much of him. You *won't* lay him up against us, *will* you?" She jumped to her feet.

"You dear!" said Bessie, keeping Mary Enderby's hand, and pressing it between both of hers against her breast as they now stood face to face. "Do come up and have some tea!"

"No, no! Really, I can't."

They were both involuntarily silent. The door had been opened to some one, and there was a brief parley, which ended in a voice they knew to be the doctor's, saying, "Then I'll go right up to his room." Both the girls broke into laughing adieux, to hide their consciousness that the doctor was going up to see Alan Lynde, who was never sick except in the one way.

Miss Enderby even said, "I was so glad to see Alan looking so well, last night."

"Yes, he had such a good time," said Bessie, and she followed her friend to the door, where she kissed her reassuringly, and thanked her for taking all the trouble she had, bidding her not be the least anxious on her account.

It seemed to her that she should sink upon the stairs in mounting them to the library. Mary Enderby had told her only what she had known before; it was what her brother had told her; but then it had not been possible for the man to say that he had brought Alan home tipsy, and been alone with her in the house at three o'clock in the morning. He would not only boast of it to all that vulgar comradehood of his, but it might get into those terrible papers, which published the society scandals. There would be no way but to appeal to his pity, his generosity. She fancied herself writing to him, but he could show her note, and she must send for him to come and see her, and try to put him on his honor. Or, that would not do, either. She must make it happen that they should be thrown together, and then speak to him. Even that might make him think she was afraid of him; or he might take it wrong, and believe that she cared for him. He had really been very good to Alan, and she tried to feel safe in the thought of that. She did feel safe for a moment; but if she had meant nothing but to make him believe her grateful, what must he infer from her talking to him in the light way she did about forgiving him for not coming back to dance with her? Her manner, her looks, her tone, had given him the right to say that she had been willing to flirt with him there, at that hour, and in those dreadful circumstances.

She found herself lying in a deep arm-chair in the library, when she was aware of Dr. Lacy pausing at the door, and looking tentatively in upon her.

"Come in, doctor," she said, and she knew that her face was wet with tears, and that she spoke with the voice of weeping.

He came forward, and looked narrowly at her, without sitting down. "There's nothing to be alarmed about, Miss Bessie," he said. "But I think your brother had better leave home again, for a while."

"Yes," she said, blankly. Her mind was not on his words.

"I will make the arrangements."

"Thank you," said Bessie, listlessly.

The doctor had made a step backward, as if he were going away, and now he stopped. "Aren't you feeling quite well, Miss Bessie?"

"Oh, yes," she said, and she began to cry.

The doctor came forward, and said, cheerily, "Let me see." He pulled a chair up to hers, and took her wrist between his fingers. "If you were at Mrs. Enderby's last night, you'll need another night to put you just right. But you're pretty well, as it is." He let her wrist softly go, and said: "You mustn't distress yourself about your brother's case. Of course, it's hard to have it happen now after he's held up so long; longer than it has been before, I think, isn't it? But it's something that it has been so long. The next time, let us hope, it will be longer still."

The doctor made as if to rise. Bessie put her hand out to stay him. "What is it makes him do it?"

"Ah, that's a great mystery," said the doctor. "I suppose you might say, the excitement."

"Yes!"

"But it seems to me very often, in such cases, as if it were to *escape* the excitement. I think you're both keyed up pretty sharply by nature, Miss Bessie," said the doctor, with the personal kindness he felt for the girl, and the pity softening his scientific spirit.

"I know!" she answered. "We're alike. Why don't I take to drinking, too?"

The doctor laughed at such a question from a young lady, but with an inner seriousness in his laugh, as if, coming from a patient, it was to be weighed. "Well, I suppose it isn't the habit of your sex, Miss Bessie."

"Sometimes it is. Sometimes women get drunk, and then I think they do less harm than if they did other things, to get away from the excitement." She longed to confide in him; the words were on her tongue; she believed he could help her, tell her what to do; out of his stores of knowledge and experience he must have some suggestion, some remedy; he could advise her; he could stand her friend, so far. People told their doctors all kinds of things, silly things. Why should not she tell her doctor this?

It would have been easier if it had been an older man, who might have had a daughter of her age. But he was in that period of the early forties when a doctor sometimes has a matter-of-fact, disagreeable wife whose idea stands between him and the spiritual intimacy of his patients, so that it seems as if they were delivering their confidences rather to her than to him. He was able, he was good, he was extremely acute, he was even with the latest facts and theories; but as he sat straight up in his chair his stomach defined itself as a half-moon before him, and he said to the quivering heap of emotions beside him, "You mean like breaking hearts, and such little matters?"

It was fatally stupid, and it beat her back into herself.

"Yes," she said, with a contempt that she easily hid from him, "that's worse than getting drunk, isn't it?"

"Well, it isn't so regarded," said the doctor, who supposed himself to have made a sprightly answer, and laughed at it. "I wish, Miss Bessie, you'd take a little remedy I'm going to send you. You've merely been up too late, but it's a very good thing for people who've been up too late."

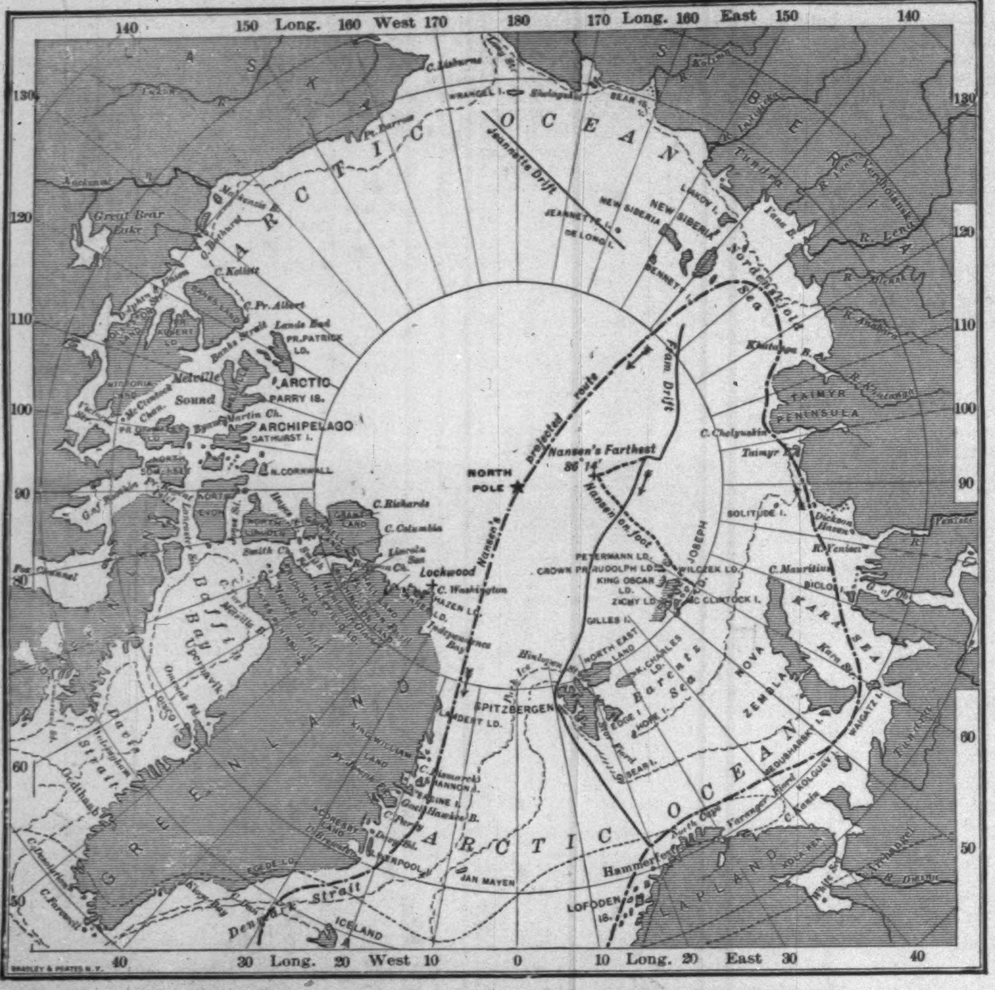
"Thank you. And about my brother?"

"Oh! I'll send a man to look after him to-night, and to-morrow I really think he'd better go."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TURRET OF THE "LEHIGH," SHOWING DENTS MADE BY SHELLS.

OLD-TIME SINGLE-TURRETED MONITORS AT THE LEAGUE ISLAND NAVY-YARD.—DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.—[SEE PAGE 931.]



SKETCH-MAP OF THE ARCTIC REGIONS SHOWING DR. NANSEN'S ROUTE.

NANSEN'S POLAR JOURNEY.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. W. GREELY, U.S.A.

ONE of the few scientific and geographic events that have lately sufficed to turn for a day the current of American discussion from politics and finance is the safe return from the polar sea of the Norwegian explorer Dr. Fridjof Nansen. The finale has been the more dramatic and striking in that the arrival of Nansen was followed by the return of his vessel, the *Fram*, before the sympathies of the world were stirred as to the possible fate of gallant Captain Svedrup and his men, who so nobly held fast to the fortunes of their ship and brought her safe to port. Before dwelling on the wonderful story of the endurance, courage, and success which uninterruptedly marked the expedition, it will be needful to outline the object and plans of the commander.

It is but simple justice to Nansen's predecessors, De Long and Nordenskjöld, to say that their voyages and experiences, one entering the Siberian ocean from the west and the other from the east, were the bases on which Nansen necessarily built hopes of successful exploration. Nordenskjöld showed how accessible the New Siberia Islands are from the west, while De Long's hitherto unequalled drift indicated to Nansen's acute mind the possibility of turning to account the natural forces which worked the destruction of the *Jeannette*. Added to these was the report, discredited by Melville, Dall, and others, that drift relics of the *Jeannette* were picked up on the west coast of Greenland, some 3000 miles from the spot where the *Jeannette* sank, two years after that date. A further supporting fact was the determination, by Dr. Törnebohm, of Stockholm, of the identity of dust-diatoms collected by Nansen on the snow of the ice-floes off East Greenland, with diatoms peculiar to the Siberian coast. It should be said, to Nansen's present credit, that no arctic explorer of experience could be found who would unqualifiedly endorse the plan. McClintock, Nares, Markham, Melville, all sailors of ability and experience, condemned the scheme, on account of its rashness and exceeding danger (as did the writer). Nansen's countryman, Nordenskjöld, the most successful of all arctic explorers, was silent as to the expedition, although the Norwegian Parliament and King Oscar favored it. Of a hundred ships that had entered the Siberian ice-pack, not one had escaped; the form of the *Fram* was no novelty; the undertaking was dangerous in the extreme. Nansen, however, was imbued with the heroic spirit that animated his ancient Scandinavian ancestors in their voyages towards America. In the crossing of Greenland he started from the uninhabited east coast, so that necessity should spur his men to reach the inhabited west coast, and now he would plunge into the Siberian ice-pack, and trust to it his life and reputation. Certain it is that the men who move the world, staking their lives on the soundness of their judgment, and having the complete courage of their convictions, are of this stamp.

Dr. Nansen's plans, laid before the various geographic societies in 1892, looked to his entering the ice of the Siberian sea, where, pushing his vessel as far north into the ice as practicable, he would await the action of the drifting pack. Primarily he intended to proceed *viâ* Bering Strait. Abandoning that route, he eventually proceeded through the sea of Kara to the west coast of the New Siberia Islands, whence he believed the currents would carry his ship across the vicinity of the north pole, and thence southward along the east coast of Greenland. On the above map, whose main features are reproduced from the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* of December, 1892, the heavy dotted line indicates the route projected by Dr. Nansen; the solid lines show the actual route of the *Fram*, the drift of the *Jeannette*, 1879 to 1881; and the lightly dotted line the route of Nansen after leaving the *Fram*.

Nansen's crew consisted of Captain Neumann Svedrup, Lieutenant Sigurd Hansen, Dr. Henry Blessing, and eight others. The *Fram*, a steam-schooner, was specially built so as to avoid pressure and favor the uplifting of the vessel when beset by ice. The expedition was given a semi-official character by an appropriation of $50,000 by the Norwegian Parliament and a subscription of $5000 by King Oscar, while the remaining $50,000 was raised by public subscriptions. In outfitting the expedition condensed articles of food and approved appliances were utilized to the utmost; the stock of provisions was for a period of six years. The boats were such that in case of loss of the ship the safety of the party was secured. Petroleum was used as ordinary fuel, and electric light was generated by an apparatus which worked by wind or man power.

The *Fram* sailed from Christiania January 24, 1893, and made her last civilized port at Charabow, Jugor Strait, on the mainland opposite the south end of Nova Zembla. Leaving Jugor Strait, August 4, 1893, Nansen's ice experiences did not materially differ from those of Nordenskjöld and the veteran Siberian voyager Captain Wiggins. Several small islands were discovered in the sea of Kara, and others near the Asiatic coast to the west of Cape Chelyuskin, the northernmost point of the Old World. Olenek River, where an additional supply of dogs was expected, was not entered, owing to the lateness of the season, and fear of losing a year through possible detention. Reaching the New Siberia Islands, Nansen entered the pack as far north as possible, and moored his ship to a floe in 78° 50′ N., 133° 37′ E., about 300 miles from where the *Jeannette* sank, 77° 15′ N., 155° E. The open sea around the *Fram* proves that Sannikof Land, seen by Sannikof in 1811 and rediscovered by Baron Toll in 1886, is a small island similar to others of the New Siberia group.

Shortly after the *Fram* was frozen in, the ice-pack increased in the usual arctic manner by underrunning and overrunning, so that the ice surrounding the vessel was eventually thirty feet thick. Danger to the ship from overrunning ice during violent disruption and movements of the pack was imminent only in one instance, January 4–5, 1894, when great ice masses forced upon the floe pressed against the *Fram* with such violence as to threaten her total destruction. All arrangements were made for life upon the floe, by removing provisions, boats, and other equipments, but fortunately, although the ice was high above the bulwarks, the under-pressure raised the *Fram* from her bed, thus relieving her from an extremely dangerous position.

The resultant drift direction of the *Fram* from her besetment to her highest point was N. 27° 13′ W., and the distance 406 geographic miles. The distortion consequent on the method used in producing the above chart does not indicate to the eye, what is true, that the difference is only 13° between this drift direction and that of the *Jeannette*, from her besetment to her point of destruction, N. 40° 12′ W., 557 miles. Had the *Jeannette* not been crushed she would have drifted out to the north of Franz-Josef Land, as the *Fram* has done. Similar to the experiences of De Long, Nansen found his drift interrupted and occasionally reversed; it was also tantalizingly slow, and in 426 days averaged less than a mile.

The *Fram* now drifting to the south, from 84° 04′ N. to 83° 59′, Nansen judiciously decided to explore to the north by sledges. For some unaccountable reason he coupled his plan with an announced intention of not returning to the *Fram*, but of proceeding, from his farthest point north, to Franz-Josef Land, and thence to Spitzbergen, where he confidently expected to find a vessel to take him to Norway.

Leaving the *Fram* in command of Captain Svedrup, with Lieutenant Hansen he started north, March 14, 1895. They took two sledges, two kayaks, or skin canoes, with provisions for themselves for 100 days, and for their twenty-eight dogs for a month. Their progress was slow, difficult, and fatiguing, owing to the roughness of the ice and its adverse drift. Exceedingly rough ice retarded their progress, but on April 7, 1895, they were in 88° 16′ N., about 100° E. They had now surpassed on the polar sea by 174 geographic miles the highest north ever attained—that of Lockwood, of the Greely expedition, on land to the north of Greenland. The north pole was only 224 miles distant. Nansen deemed it unwise to go farther, but before returning made a *ski* trip of twelve miles. No sign of land was visible, nothing save the same unbroken expanse of ice that had surrounded them for eighteen months.

Nansen now turned southwestward to Franz-Josef Land, which, from Payer's explorations of 1874, was believed to extend northward far beyond the 83d parallel. Nansen's dogs now died, or were killed as food for others, the men's rations were reduced to a minimum, and the summer sun of June, disintegrating the pack, rendered progress slow and dangerous. Land was looked for in vain, although the explorers on June 24 reached 82° 14′ N., from whence they drifted in eleven days to 82° 26′ N. When matters were at their worst, three bears and a bearded seal were killed, thus preserving the travellers from starvation. They finally sighted an ice-capped island, in 82° N., but the ice conditions were such that it was impossible to reach it by kayak. After twelve days' effort, by working their way from one small floe to another, they reached land in 81° 38′ N., 63° E. Wending their way westward, they sighted larger islands, extending from northeast to southwest. This journey disproves Payer's opinion that Wilczek Land is of considerable extent, and, in conjunction with Jackson's explorations of Alexandra Land, shows that this archipelago consists of small islands, mostly ice-capped.

Realizing the impossibility of reaching Spitzbergen that year, Nansen went into winter quarters, August 26, 1895, in 81° 13′ N., 56° E., at a point suitable for obtaining sea game. Building a stone-walled hut, with roof of walrus-hide, and covering all with snow, they lived for ten months on walrus and bear meat; their clothing worn out, they made new suits from blankets, and sleeping-bags from bear-skins. Remarkable as are these experiences, they pale before those of four Russian sailors, who lived on the desolate east coast of Spitzbergen for seven years, 1742–9.

Starting on May 16, 1896, Nansen and Hansen reached open water seven days later, in 81° 05′ N. South of the 81st parallel they found a fiord extending westward, with open water to the W.N.W.; but continuing to the south coast, they eventually followed open water to the westward, hoping to reach Spitzbergen. Fortunately they fell in with the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, which had wintered two years on Franz-Josef Land, and returning in the *Windward*, reached Vardö August 13, 1896.

Seven days later than Nansen, the *Fram*, which he had left seventeen months earlier, came safely to port, under command of Captain Svedrup, with her crew well and unharmed. The *Fram*, under Svedrup, reached a point within nineteen miles of Nansen's farthest, in 85° 57′ N., during October, 1895. Drifting south, she was in 83° 14′ N. on July 19, 1896. By unremitting and well-directed efforts Svedrup had the inexpressible pleasure of reaching open water to the north of Spitzbergen, in 81° 32′ N., 11° 40′ E. On August 15 the *Fram* passed Danes Island, on the northwest coast of Spitzbergen, where Andree was building his balloon-house, thus completing, in a voyage bordering almost on the miraculous, the circumnavigation of the Nova Zembla, Franz-Josef, and Spitzbergen archipelagoes.

The geographic outcome of Nansen's expedition consists in the determination of the non-existence of land in an area of some 50,000 square miles, thus equalling De Long's geographic contribution, and in the discovery of a deep sea to the north of the 79th parallel. To some these may appear trivial additions to our knowledge of the polar regions, but in reality they are very important. By proving Sannikof a small island Nansen narrowly circumscribes, by the aid of De Long's discoveries, the New Siberia archipelago; he not only confirms Jackson's assertion that Franz-Josef Land consists of small ice-capped islands, but also destroys their importance as a route to the pole by proving that they do not extend materially to the north of the 82d parallel. It leaves as the most northerly known land, and presumably the future polar route, the unnamed land discovered to the north of Greenland by Lockwood and Brainard, of my command in 1882, of which Peary reached the southern extremity by his brilliant inland ice journeys of 1891 and 1895. The deep sea is, however, the most important discovery. It necessarily reduces the size and importance of the ice-clad land that must exist, as proved by the palæocrystic ice-floes of Smith Sound, near the pole. It serves to confirm the opinion, advanced by me two years since, that this land lies not on the Siberian but on the American side of the pole, to the north of the Parry archipelago.

To the west and southwest of Spitzbergen the Arctic Ocean is unusually deep over large areas, soundings ranging from 1000 to 1500 fathoms. Between Iceland and Greenland is a remarkable "deep," some 500 miles wide, which is nearly 2000 fathoms (over two miles) in depth. While the sea to the south shallows very rapidly, there is no doubt that the Iceland "deep," curving northward along the axis of the well-known returning arctic current, connects with the Spitzbergen area. It now seems

not improbable that these areas are part of the largest and most extensive "deep" of the world, and that the northern extension has branches extending both to the east and west. The western branch is determined by scientists as necessary to explain the Atlantic cotidal hour as observed by the Lady Franklin bay expedition at several points along the coast of Northwest Greenland. The *Fram* now discloses the existence of the eastern branch, to the north of the Spitzbergen and Franz-Josef archipelagoes, with its most easterly extension in the neighborhood of the New Siberia Islands. To the west of these islands Dr. Nansen's soundings show that the shallow waters that lave the Siberian coast, which have been thought to extend far towards the pole, suddenly deepen near the 79th parallel from 90 fathoms to 1600 fathoms, with an extreme depth of 1900 fathoms—over two miles.

In contrasting the expeditions of De Long and Nansen it is necessary to allude to the single blemish that mars the otherwise magnificent career of Nansen, who deliberately quitted his comrades on the ice-beset ship hundreds of miles from any known land, with the intention of not returning, but, in his own reported words, "to go to Spitzbergen, where he felt certain to find a ship," six hundred miles away. De Long and Ambler had such a sense of honor that they sacrificed their lives rather than separate themselves from a dying man, whom their presence could not save. It passes comprehension how Nansen could have thus deviated from the most sacred duty devolving on the commander of a naval expedition. The safe return of brave Captain Svedrup with the *Fram* does not excuse Nansen. Svedrup's consistency, courage, and skill in holding fast to the *Fram* and bringing his comrades back to Norway will win for him, in the minds of many, laurels even brighter than those of his able and accomplished chief.

FIRE ISLAND.

FAR out at sea a lonely strip of sand
Whereon gray waves forever break and roar,
And where white gulls majestically soar
Or circle over shelves of glittering sand,

Far out at sea where solemn days and nights
Flow slumberously with the recurrent tides,
Where time upon a waste of motion rides
With dancing fire of phosphorescent lights,

Where through long silent hours of murky gloom,
Piercing black shadows with phantasmal glare,
The mariner beholds a friendly flare
Which steers his ship past some impending doom,

Past lurking perils and foam-crested bars,
Down deep strong channels to a placid bay,
Where spectral hulls loom dimly and betray
A safe sweet harbor under smiling stars....

The sailor, battling with tempestuous waste,
Weary of struggle, of the ghostly gloam,
Beholds this fire of hope and dreams of home—
Dreams of the joy that he has longed to taste.

Oh! he has fought the winds as sailors must,
And he has fought black waters mad to glut
Their savage rage; with straining eyes half shut
He faced his foes with an exultant trust....

Dawn breaks with crimson banners in the skies,
With mists that veil Manhattan's spires and fanes,
While one red shaft of sunlight richly stains
Great Liberty's imperial lustrous eyes.

GEORGE EDGAR MONTGOMERY.

IN ORDINARY.

IN the back channel of the League Island Navy-Yard—the great naval arsenal of the future—eight single-turreted Monitors flounder in a basin of shallow mud and sluggish tideway, shepherded by the *Vesuvius*, that dynamite cruiser of so much promise, of so little performance. These old-time war-vessels are battered and bruised and littered with deck-houses; their decks are rotten and splintered, their bolts are twisted, and when the tide is out their rusty overhangs gape with a story of wreck which seems to prove their days of usefulness are gone. But, luckily, they are better than they look, and so much of this decay is on the surface that with slight repairs and alterations they could be made fairly efficient as defences for our great harbors.

As yet the Navy Department has not rejected them as factors of protection, and work is going forward so quietly and steadily that at reasonable notice they could, in seasons of danger, be hurried to the smoother waters of our Eastern seaboard. Of course their sea-going and their winter duty—of which they saw much in war days—are done, though, as in the past summer, they may still venture upon cruises between near ports when wind and weather are fair.

Seven out of the eight were famous in their day, and their scarred hulls and shot-indented turrets did much to emphasize that revolution in war-machines which their prototype inaugurated. Their names were once as familiar as household words, and few veterans have forgotten the fine service of the *Mahopac, Nahant, Montauk, Canonicus, Lehigh, Catskill,* and *Manhattan*. Here, too, lies the *Jason*, belonging, like those named, to that famous class which included the *Comanche*, and those others, the *Ajax, Wyandotte, Nantucket,* and *Passaic*, now assigned to duty with the Naval Reserves of New Jersey, Connecticut, North Carolina, and Boston. Thirteen in all are borne on the Navy Register, and, with the five double-turreted Monitors, represent our belief in a type which we may have slighted but never deserted.

For this type, adopted by us in the war of the rebellion, was epoch-making, though, curiously enough, it is still a vexed question as to the inventor of its essential principle for war purposes. In 1854 Ericsson submitted to Napoleon III. the design of a low freeboarded vessel with an armored deck and a revolving dome or turret. In 1855 Captain Coles of the Royal Navy constructed for the British government a small turreted vessel, which, under the name of the *Lady Nancy*, saw service in the Crimea. To him, therefore, belongs the credit of putting afloat the first vessel of the type, although the turret of the little craft did not revolve, as she was intended to fight bows on. What is more, before the United States closed the contract submitted by Ericsson, the Danes had authorized Captain Coles to construct the double-turreted, sea-going ironclad afterwards named the *Rolf Krake*.

Prior to both these inventions appeared a design by T. R. Timby, an American. When this question of turret invention was raging fiercely he put in, as evidence of his claim to the honor, a letter addressed to him by the chief clerk of the United States Patent Office, dated 1851, wherein it was declared that "a caveat was filed by you [Timby] in January, 1843, for a Metallic Revolving Fort, to be used on land or in the water, and to be revolved by propelling engines located within the same and acting upon suitable mechanism." Whether this idea of Timby's included the revolution of a turret on shipboard, or went no further than the employment of such a device as a permanent fort, need not be considered here, yet it is only fair to add that his claim to the invention of the two-gun turret was acknowledged pecuniarily by one of the contractors who built the original *Monitor* when the idea was first practically utilized. The type produced by Ericsson was undoubtedly the progenitor of all modern turreted vessels, and it had a wide acceptance, notably among the northern nations of Europe. The principle of a low freeboard, which was intended to offer a small target and give a steady gun-platform by the slight resistance thus offered to the waves that rolled freely over the decks, did not, however, meet with the same welcome as the battery protection given by the circular turret, and the adequate defence furnished the motive power, the anchor gear, and the steering arrangements. Sometimes the Coles plan was adopted, sometimes the Ericsson, but the tendency among the best architects was to a high freeboard, either completely or partially armored, on which barbettes or turrets were carried. "It is not possible," wrote Sir Edward Reed, "to dwell at length upon the means by which the *Monitor* influence took effect on the navies of Europe, but it may be doubted whether ships like the *Thunderer, Devastation,* and *Dreadnaught* would have found their way so readily into existence if the Monitors of America had not encouraged such large departures from Old-World ideas. In this sense the *Times* correctly stated some years ago that the 'American Monitors were certainly the progenitors of our *Devastation* type.'"

The characteristic difference between the English and the American type of sea-going Monitors lay in the elevation, in the English ship, of the turret breastwork to a height of eleven or twelve feet above the sea's surface, and the raising of the upper deck generally to that height by means of lightly built superstructures. Over these, again, and many feet above them, were built bridges and hurricane-decks, from which the ships could be commanded in all weathers. In our later double-turreted Monitors we have to some degree adopted these bridge superstructures, though we stick tenaciously to the low freeboarded main-deck. The original *Monitor* was lost at sea off Hatteras soon after her splendid service in Hampton Roads; but even before this disaster improvements in the design had been made, notably in the *Passaic* class. This vessel was built of iron, and launched in 1862. Her length was 200 feet; beam, 46; draught of water, 11.6; displacement, 1875 tons; speed, 7 knots; indicated horse-power, 377; and bunker capacity, 140 tons. Her sides were protected by five inches and her turrets by eleven inches of laminated iron. Her battery consisted of one 15-inch smooth-bore and one 11-inch smooth-bore.

Following the single-turreted Monitors came those designed with double turrets, and one, the *Roanoke*, that had three turrets. The first were built with a sponson and with wooden hulls—a bad plan, already condemned abroad because of the impossibility of repairing an armored vessel so constructed without removing the armor. Three of these, the *Terror, Monadnock,* and *Miantonomoh*, were completed. The *Terror* cruised in home waters, the *Monadnock* went to the Pacific through the Strait of Magellan, and the *Miantonomoh* made a famous cruise to Europe. They deteriorated rapidly, however, and were soon broken up, and five new ones, the *Puritan, Terror, Monadnock, Miantonomoh,* and *Amphitrite*, were laid down. Their hulls were built of iron, and they were worked at languidly for years, attacks in the press, public apprehension of their unfitness for sea work, and Congressional apathy having foolishly delayed the completion of what really are effective vessels for harbor defence.

Many changes were made in the vessels during the course of construction, mainly in the substitution of steel for the compound iron-steel plating originally designed, and now furnished only the *Miantonomoh*. Experience with this vessel has been gratifying, and has resulted in such a definite knowledge of battery and machinery as will increase the efficiency of the types and make them valuable auxiliaries to harbor defence. These five, with the thirteen single-turreted vessels already mentioned as unserviceable, constitute our force of turret ships and barbette turret ships pure and simple, if we except the fine coast-defence vessel *Monterey* now in commission on the Pacific coast.

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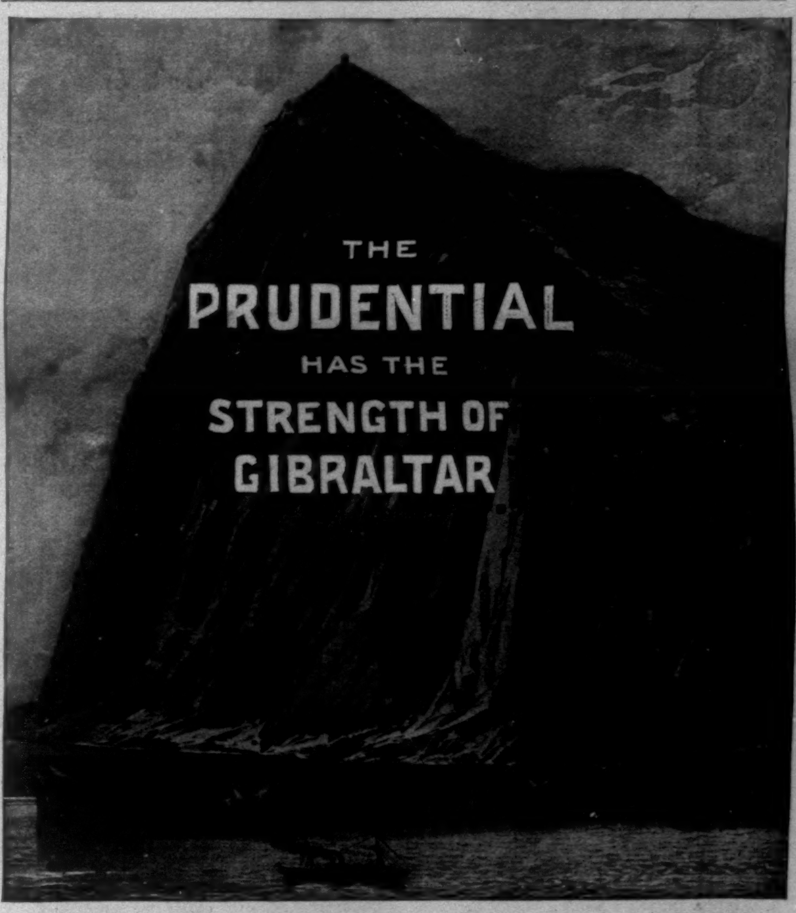

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CRATER LAKE.

BY GEORGE W. KIRKMAN, U.S.A.

Amidst the clouds on the very summit of the Cascade Mountains, fifty miles from the gorge where the roaring Klamath River breaks through that range, near the northern boundary of California, reposes the majestic Crater Lake, one of the world's greatest wonders. The bed of this lake is situated in one of the most tremendous craters ever rent in the earth's surface in any age.

Though vaguely spoken of on the Pacific coast as one of its great picturesque attractions, we had heard more particularly of its marvels from old army officers, whose high opinion of it bore added weight from their long campaigning amid the varied scenery of our frontiers—in those regions where the Indian had to be corrected of the hallucination that the aim of his life should be to deprive the hardy pioneer of his scalp-lock. Desirous of seeing and believing for ourselves, our party, composed of the artist, the professor, and myself, got off the Pullman at Ager, California, on the Southern Pacific Railway, and piling our luggage into the "boot" of the old-fashioned '49 stage, the four lively horses swung us off on the trot to Klamath Hot Springs, passing *en route* through the white valley of the geysers, from whose tall iron-stained pyramids the steam still jets intermittently. After a night at the springs, and a heated trial of the intensely hot mud baths, we resumed our stage journey next day, crossing the State line into Oregon, and ascending the steep road on the northern base of Shasta, from which the Klamath River, three thousand feet below, seemed but a thin silver thread set in emerald pines. Arriving at the falls that night, we took a "buckboard" stage to old Fort Klamath, driving all morning beside the lovely Klamath Lakes and the large Indian agency, where the copper-colored children were playing in the sunshine. At Fort Klamath we paid a visit to the gaunt skeleton of the scaffold from which "Captain Jack" and other Modocs were hanged at the close of the fierce Lava Beds war of '72, and also inspected their graves near the old post guard-house. By this time our bucking, kicking pack-train was ready. So, tearing away the professor from a miscegenative study of two dusky pappooses, whose parents, odd to remark, combined the races of the negro, Mexican, and Indian, we started off on the wild trail to Crater Lake. So great is the Klamath Indian's superstitious dread of the lake that nothing could induce one of them to accompany us, and as our only white retainer drove the commissary wagon, we appointed the artist, by a two-third svote, chief of the pack-train. Never have I heard an artist use such shocking language as did ours when, absorbed with the beautiful views of the Klamath Valley through which we were riding, he would all at once discover that his obstreperous mules had wandered afar in the forests, or were meekly browsing on the brink of Anna Cañon, whose gorge walls drop perpendicularly hundreds of feet to the brook below. Passing the spring where the whole brook bursts in one gigantic jet from the mountain-side, we climbed for hours up, up to the highest ridge of the Cascades, skirting great snow-banks, and winding along the perilous trail. As we came around a lone porphyry column on the edge of the forest, Crater Lake suddenly lay before us. Throwing our horses back on their haunches, we stood there in silence, enthralled by the undefinable fascination of the mystic lake, overpowered by its grandeur.

Two thousand feet below the scarp on which we were standing, the glassy surface of the lake mirrored the lofty heights and crater walls that towered around it. So clear is the atmosphere of this high altitude of nine thousand feet above the level of the sea that the great circle of water did not seem to be the six and a half miles in diameter that it really is. In the far corner of the silent lake a sullen cone raised its head eight hundred feet above the water—once a fiery interior volcano, one of the last huge chimneys of the crater, now only a desolate island, whose base, sparsely covered with firs and pines, reaches upward through masses of scoriæ and ashes to the hollow crater on its top. To the north stands Llao Rock, a grand cliff, whose red heights rise abruptly from the lake three thousand feet in the distant air that hangs in azure folds in the clefts and niches of the walls. Around the lake innumerable pinnacles and beetling crags of black, crimson, and yellow bristled to the sky in a vast amphitheatre. Yonder, arching caverns pierced the base of a fearful precipice, whose frowning walls glowered upon the rugged rock island of the Phantom Ship, a fantastic object of unspeakable dread to the Klamath Indians. In the east, jagged splinters and chimneys jutted out from the blue and yellow wall that trembled on the brink of a chasm that had rent that side of the mountain to its very bottom. From the bottom of the lake, which is nearly two thousand feet deep, scattered slender peaks of basalt and syenite reached upward almost to the surface, giving the water the most delicate iridescent hues, that broke into a thousand flashes of dark blue, purple, and olive green when a wandering breath of the mountain breeze blew the water into sparkling ripples. Beyond the crater, the snowy summits of Mount Thielsen and Diamond Peak glistened in the sunlight to the north; in the south, Mount Pitt flung its shadows over the peaceful valley of the Klamath at its foot. Still farther south, the glacier-capped Shasta stood like a gigantic sentinel at the head of the broad San Joaquin Valley of California. As far as the eye could see, stretched the myriad white crests and ridges of the Cascades; along their western slopes dwells the white man in a hundred populous towns; on their eastern side lies the great desert of southern Oregon, where the red man raises his rude teepees in the shadows of the rim rocks.

Save the sighing of the faint breeze through the forests, no sound broke the hush of the wilderness, and yet the very air was throbbing with vague, haunting hints of a weird spell cast over the lake by some mighty wizard of the past. Upon this mysterious lake, the home of countless demons, no Indian dares to gaze; the sight of it, so say their legends, is instant death to the rash Klamath who thus defies his fate. Once, long ago, according to their traditions, a band of Klamaths came unexpectedly upon Crater Lake. In profound awe they gazed silently at this abode of a great spirit, then departed in fear from its awful walls, and never returned. That night, however, one solitary brave came back, and slept beside his fire on the cliff banks of the lake, hearing the wailing of strange voices about him. Again he returned, and slept till morn, until, accustomed to its gloomy wonders, he descended to the lake and plunged into its dark waters, in which swarmed the Llaos, ferocious water-demons that dwelt in its bosom. He came forth a mighty warrior, whose valor surpassed that of all others in his tribe. Years later, when, proud in his great strength, he slew a monster Llao, the fierce demons, enraged, hurled him from Llao Rock. And such shall be the doom of every Klamath who dares to gaze upon the lake.

Two days we spent wandering through the dense forests which the wild forget-me-nots filled with their fragrance, climbing over lava flows and dizzy cliffs to obtain new views of this enormous crater. From early morning, when the sun rose over the castellated battlements and spires of Cathedral Rock, we watched the wonderful panorama, through the dreamy afternoons, when the gorgeous masses of color on crag, lake, and cliff shifted ceaselessly, until the setting sun with its dying flame turned them golden, orange, blood red, and purple, fading away into a soft rose that tipped the white peaks near by, and quivered from the flushed bosom of the mystic lake.

A stone rolled over the edge of the rugged rim tore up and carried along with it a hundred other great bowlders, that, attaining a terrific speed, vanished from our view, plunging into the water below with muffled roar and splash. Holding my heavy rifle horizontally, I fired it; instantly the deafening echoes thundered back and forth, successively from the thousand crags, now caught up by the more distant walls, repeated from every side over and over, now dying away, then returning with increased volume, and finally lost in a diminuendo of soft murmurs. The bullet seemed to fall at our feet, so great is the height of the crater rim. The snow lay in deep banks, full of dangerous crevasses, in the few ravines that sloped downward to the lake; but down one of them we made a perilous descent through the snow and volcanic ashes, lowering ourselves in some places by means of the scanty trees that straggled there. But once down, the sublime view more than repaid us for our intense exertions. No one can realize the meaning of great height until he looks up at towering precipices such as we beheld on every side.

It is hard for those who have not seen this immense crater to conceive of its majestic proportions. It will give New York people an approximate idea of its size to say that as much of their city as is contained in Manhattan Island could very easily be distributed within these crater walls without touching the sides of the volcano. If the city were placed on the lake-bottom, it would be three-quarters of a mile to the crater rim. It is difficult to realize, also, that it is twenty-one miles around this rim; the day's journey it takes to walk around it is, however, very convincing of that fact.

Long centuries ago this still lofty mountain must have reared its snow-capped crest to sky-piercing heights unsurpassed by any peak on earth. A comparison of its angles with the neighboring cones would make its former altitude nearly thirty thousand feet, about six miles. From its proud eminence it must have towered far above Mount Shasta and the hoary giants of the northern Cascades. For ages it stood in its unchallenged pride and majesty, till, rent by internal stress and the throes of the laboring earth, its haughty dome toppled—fell in a stupendous wreck that now lies in titanic ruins around its base. Through the rifts of the mountain the volcanic fires poured their floods of lava that overwhelmed the surrounding country for a hundred miles. Then, a fiery beacon, it glared in its rage far over the inland sea that washed its eastern slopes. At last, falling back into its great crater, it upheaved yonder sombre cone, and later, cooling through unnumbered centuries, died wholly away, forming the receptacle for this great lake, above whose calm surface it broods over the glory of its ancient state.

AMATEUR SPORT

The polo honors of 1896 may not be awarded without a generous and fairly earned share being conceded to the Buffalo team. To have defeated Meadow Brook second by a 16-to-11½ score is to have achieved a signal, if indeed not an unexpected, triumph. Not that Meadow Brook second, in the general polo world, was looked upon as invincible, or even as disquietingly formidable. But Meadow Brook, with a single exception, embraced men who have played hereabouts time out of mind, and, what is most valuable, have every year enjoyed the practice of a well-filled playing season. This year, for example, Meadow Brook second has been in constant tournament play since the season began.

Tournament play at Buffalo is about as rare as the visitations of outside teams. Occasional scratch matches, and once a year the descent of a few New York and Chicago players, compass Buffalo's tournament playing opportunities. That, despite this no inconsiderable handicap, Buffalo should have beaten any team in this vicinity bespeaks an initial ability of high grade, and a development of play for which hard work and exceptional adaptability are responsible. And it all reflects exceeding credit on Buffalo. There is no telling what they might not do if some of Buffalo's young men, who are so amply fitted both by nature and fortune for the game, could be surprised into enthusiastic endeavor. Meanwhile, Buffalo's sporting honor is defended by the stalwarts of an older class, and in polo practically by the Cary family.

The handicap tournament, which closed the week preceding the championship series, was an experiment by the Association, but proved a most successful venture. It is very evident that two weeks of this grand game are not too much of a good thing. The crowd of spectators, always enthusiastic, and variously estimated from 8000 to 12,000, was certainly larger on every day of the six than on either of the two days' play of last year. And the Prospect Park Parade-Ground made as fine a playing-field as any of the regular club fields. People of all ages and from about every grade of society watched the contests.

I have gone into this reportorial detail for the especial benefit of those who fancy polo without attraction for the "people"; to help carry conviction of the game's splendid qualities to the minds of those who hesitate to enter the lists, and to lend encouragement to those in the outlying districts of play, where there is no tournament circuit to arouse popular interest, and all enthusiasm must be generated by a handful of devoted sportsmen.

Every Country Club in America should support a polo team. No other feature so attractive to its members can be provided, and no game more entrancing to the participants can be scheduled. A number of new clubs have been added to the Association's roll in the last two years, and the great increase in second and third class players suggests the making of other clubs by-and-by.

One essential to polo prosperity long ignored here in the East is the systematic strengthening of the recruiting reserve. The second and third class players should receive the greatest attention of club governors, and candidates be sought constantly. These men will one day constitute the club's first team. Besides which, a sport confined to a few men never thrives. Prizes for team and individual special competitions should be offered in the spring and autumn—for the players of lower grades. Just as cups are offered at college for drop-kicking, punting, etc., to stimulate competition in these departments of football, so Country Club governors who are wise will institute similar incentives to rivalry and improved form for their polo-players.

The best form shown in the handicap tournament was by Buffalo, and Meadow Brook second. Not much could be expected from Morris County, which, although once the home of one of our crack teams, has not played in so long as to have lost its most skilful men and gone entirely out of touch with the game of to-day. And yet, although defeated by Meadow Brook second, 14 to 3¾ goals, it made a reasonably good showing. A better one, in fact, than did Philadelphia, defeated by Buffalo, 20 goals to 10, which cannot plead desuetude in extenuation of its rather poor showing.

It was eminently fitting, therefore, that Meadow Brook second and Buffalo should meet in the finals, the teams being: Meadow Brook—No. 1, H. K. Vingut, 3 goals; No. 2, Craig Wadsworth, 1; No. 3, E. W. Roby, 3; back, Laurence George, 3. Total handicap, 10 goals.

Buffalo Country Club—No. 1, Dr. Charles Cary, 5 goals; No. 2, Thomas Cary, 3; No. 3, Seward Cary, 4; back, H. T. Davis, 2. Total handicap, 14 goals. Thus Meadow Brook began the contest with 4 goals, allowed by handicap, to the good. The first period made apparent the superiority of Buffalo, which scored seven goals, while Meadow Brook made three—the tally being even at the ending of that period. Play was not so fast in the second period, during which and the next the rain came down in torrents, but Buffalo made four goals to its opponent's three. In the third period Meadow Brook, which had apparently been growing weak, went to pieces, and Buffalo made goal after goal, the final score being: Buffalo, by play 17 goals, less ½ goal penalty for foul, and two safeties, counting each ¼ goal—total 16 goals. Meadow Brook, by play 8, allowed by handicap 4, less two safeties at ¼ goal each—total 11½.

Probably the most surprising feature of Buffalo's play was its team-work, the three forwards playing a fast game and yet keeping in position, which is more than can be said of Meadow Brook. There were moments of astonishingly poor individual play for men who have been at the game so long. Vingut made rather the best showing for his side—though he seems unable to stay at top speed, and therefore at critical moments loses many opportunities for valuable work. The winner in polo is the man who can come again and yet again—that, besides brilliancy, is the quality which has made C. C. Baldwin so invaluable to his team—Meadow Brook first—this year.

For Buffalo, Seward Cary once more distinguished himself, as he had against Philadelphia, and made some beautiful cross-shots for goal; Dr. Cary made an aggressive No. 1, and had the best man of the opposite side for *vis-à-vis*; Thomas Cary outplayed his especial opponent; and Davis made a steady, fairly reliable back. Buffalo's riding out, generally speaking, was very good, and this and its team-work and steadiness on the ball constituted its strongest points of play. Thus Buffalo won the handicap tournament.

In the championship series, with all entries at scratch, the real struggle lay between the first teams of Meadow Brook, Rockaway, and Myopia, the erstwhile champions. No one, of course, considered Buffalo had the remotest chance of winning from Rockaway, against which it had been drawn. Buffalo only entered, indeed, to fill the championship list, and save the unsatisfactory "bye" that must otherwise have resulted. When it met Rockaway, therefore, on the 9th, the question was how many goals the latter would run up on it. Consensus of opinion whitewashed Buffalo, and gave Rockaway 15 to 20 goals. In actual play Rockaway made 20 goals, while Buffalo scored 2, but lost ¾ for three safety penalties. That Buffalo was able to score at all should be sufficient solace to its friends. For the rest, the team was changed somewhat in its positions, Davis going to No. 1, and Dr. Cary back, while Seward and Thomas Cary reversed, the former filling No. 2, and the latter No. 3. There was no appreciable betterment by the change one way or the other. It was completely outclassed by Rockaway, which ordinarily would have conceded it sixteen goals, and but a few times during the match did an opportunity offer for offensive work. The greater part of the time Buffalo was kept thoroughly occupied defending its home goal, and that with the handicap difference between the two teams considered it would have been beaten but 2¾ goals shows its efforts met with fair success.

Rockaway was better mounted than Buffalo, and played with considerable dash, though too often, in the case of Stevens and Eustis, with poor direction on hits. In his position, however, Eustis was safe, and backed with strength, while Stevens made some brilliant runs. Keene and Cowdin played beautifully into each other's hands, and to the consternation of their opponents, one play especially between the two eliciting unstinted applause, to wit—Keene backhanded an approaching ball to Cowdin, who backhanded it through the goal-posts.

In a general way Rockaway showed up strong, its team-work perhaps a bit better than that Meadow Brook displayed against Myopia on the 8th. But it is always easy to be steady and together against a much weaker opponent, hence no deductions can be drawn on the relative showing of Rockaway and Meadow Brook in the first rounds of the championship. They are meeting in the final as we are on the press, September 14, and the champion will be hailed before what I am writing reaches the public eye. The chances of Meadow Brook must be considered the better, because as a team it is steadier and fitter. Fitter, because Keene, on whose continuously brilliant work from start to finish Rockaway success certainly depends, has not been well and is not strong; steadier—because there is not a man on the Meadow Brook team who is streaky in his play, while on Rockaway, Stevens cannot be relied on, and G. P. Eustis, without being precisely unsteady, so-called, is more nearly so than any man on the Meadow Brook team.

The Meadow Brook-Myopia game on the opening day of the championship series will be longest remembered as an exhibition of brilliant individual effort rather than of cleverest team-play. And this is not saying team-play was lacking, or even mediocre. On the contrary, it

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was generally good, and occasionally of a high order, but I have seen both teams do better. The truth is, there were moments, although at rare intervals, when the play very nearly approached mediocrity, and at such times Myopia was the exhibitor. There was quite often an eagerness of play at the ball, in which both sides indulged, to the disregard of position-play, which hampered team-work, and once resulted in a goal for Myopia that Meadow Brook ought to have prevented. At times, too, Myopia's play was wild, Shaw being especially notable in this particular, although he partially offset it by brilliant goal-making. In fact, Gardner and Agassiz played quite the best game for their side, and were the bulwark of Myopia's defence. But for Gardner's riding-out and driving and Agassiz's backing, the score against it would have been heavier. The failure of Shaw and Fay to keep their positions at all times lost opportunities of getting the ball to Gardner, in accordance with Myopia's customary style of game, and the latter's accurate drives for goal were not so much in evidence as they were last year. This has been a failing of Myopia all this season.

When criticism is finished, however, the fact remains that Myopia played a scientific, aggressive game, and was defeated by a stronger team, that met its assault by superior defensive work, employed more cunning in the attack, and showed better team-work from first to last.

IT WAS EIGHT MINUTES before the first goal was made, in the first period, by Gardner, after a clever run by Shaw. Thereafter, for that period, Meadow Brook outplayed Myopia, and by excellent team-play and brilliant work by Baldwin, Eustis, and Hitchcock, scored four goals. Myopia started the second period with a rush, Shaw making one goal within two minutes, and Gardner another five minutes later. There was too much keenness on the ball at this time, and many missed shots by both sides, but in one of the confused bunches Nicoll came up from back and scored the only other goal of the second period. Both Agassiz and Nicoll did great work in this period, each spoiling several very excellent chances of his opponent's scoring.

The third period opened with the best play of the match, each side working desperately, and very nearly scoring several times, until finally, after a long run by Gardner, Shaw made the first goal of this period and the last one Myopia scored. Seven minutes later Eustis, by a pretty play, got the ball from Gardner for a goal, and two minutes afterwards Baldwin, from Hitchcock's drive, scored Meadow Brook's last goal.

Summary: Meadow Brook, goals earned, 7, less $\frac{1}{4}$ safety penalty—$6\frac{3}{4}$ total. Myopia, goals earned, 4, less $\frac{1}{2}$ safety penalty—$3\frac{1}{2}$ total.

Meadow Brook's play was high class, though Eustis was occasionally somewhat uncertain in his direction. Hitchcock and Baldwin outclassed their especial opponents, Baldwin being particularly sure on the ball. Nicoll played a strong, safe game at back.

IN A TOURNAMENT SO SUCCESSFUL from every point of view, the absence of a team from the Country Club of Westchester was the more regrettable. Last year Mr. E. C. Potter developed a strong team out of comparatively green material, which gave every promise of being in the first flight this autumn. But an accident to Mr. Potter in the early summer caused abandonment of dates and disbandment of the Westchester team. There is, it seems to me, another illustration in Westchester's misfortune of the wisdom in keeping the polo ranks well filled. Mr. Potter is one of our thorough-going sportsmen, and a polo-player of skill and enthusiasm. His temporary retirement from the captaincy of the Country Club team was a great loss; that it should break up the club's entire season and team, however, means that the game must have had a very uncertain life at Westchester, which is too bad, as there is some splendid material in the club.

AFTER THE FAILURE OF THE RACING last year, the '96 meet of the American Canoe Association was awaited with much anxiety. That after three years of discouraging indifference this year's meet should have shown a returning interest proves how really firm a hold this the purest of amateur sport has on the affections of sportsmen. It is no exaggeration to say that for several years back the life of canoeing has been most precarious, and it is equally correct to hold the insatiable craze for racing accountable therefor.

The racer—the pot-hunter, to more nearly describe him—begat the racing-machine, pure and simple, and the racing-machine ruined the sport. History in amateur sport repeats itself over and over again. Wherever the racing-machine, animate or inanimate, is evolved, that great class of sportsmen on whom the prosperity of amateur sport depends, and who are in the game for sport's sake, lose interest, and retire from competition with men whose sole object is to win. When any sport is made an excuse for the gratification of one's cupidity, it becomes a business, and obnoxious to sportsmen. Just as these semi-professional bicycle-riders and runners, who spend most of their time training, have driven out of competition gentlemen who view athletics and bicycling as a sport rather than as a means of livelihood, so the evolution of mere racing-machines on the water has very much hurt yachting and come very near killing canoeing.

THE SPIRIT OF THE POT-HUNTER is despicable, and should be crushed wherever it shows. I have in mind several yacht-owners who have had alleged captain's gigs built on racing-wherry lines, and then, in true mug-hunting spirit, entered them for gig-races. Such men know perfectly that they are outraging the tradition and spirit of the yachting law; that theirs is not of the accepted captain's-gig type; that it is a deliberate attempt to mislead. In other words, they are not willing to play fair with the other entries and take their chance with all of winning on even terms; their pot-hunting spirit suggests an attempt to gain advantage of the others. These are the men who should be run to earth wherever they show their heads, and cast out of amateur sport; they are not sportsmen, but sporting harpies. To guard against this class of men clubs should make stringent rules.

HAD GOVERNING BOARDS, and the committees of our athletic, yacht, canoe, and other kindred clubs, exhibited more intelligent perception of their mission and clearer discernment of cause and effect, no adversity would have overtaken any branch of sport. If the yacht clubs had united in a stand against the mere racing-machine and for the building up of classes already started, we should not now be striving to stimulate yacht-racing.

If the Amateur Athletic Union had proscribed training tables and professionalized men who had no visible means of support beyond what their athletic club provided, there would be more gentlemen in the game, and track athletics would not have reached such quiescence.

If the Amateur Athletic Union had legislated against and punished clubs that maintained nines and elevens of remunerated players, we should now have some amateur club baseball and football in this vicinity.

If the American Canoe Association had promptly penalized the canoe racing-freaks as rapidly as they materialized, canoe-men would not have been driven out of the game, nor the life of the sport despaired of for a couple of years.

It ought to be perfectly apparent to any body of men with a few grains of collective common-sense that when competition in any branch of sport becomes monopolized by a few men, the great majority from whom actual support is derived lose interest, and the end of that sport's life is not far off. The business of every governing committee is to keep alive the interest of the majority, and that means the healthful prosperity of the sport; to direct legislation for the future as well as for the present; to apply conditions and inaugurate races within the reach of the many rather than the few. Never fear that superior skill will not make its way to the front, whether or no the men have fared gratuitously at a club's training table, or the yacht-race be between racing-machines or boats of some stability and usefulness.

WHEN LEGISLATION IS SO INADEQUATE and governors so dull that freak racing-machines in yachting or canoeing spring up annually from wealthy owners, and to the detriment of legitimate sport—that one athlete supports himself by honest toil while another is supported by his club, and both are called amateurs by the grace of the A. A. U.—that one club maintains its team at a two months' training table which another club cannot afford, and the A. A. U. winks its other eye—then we may expect precisely the state of affairs that we have at the present moment in canoeing, club track athletics, club baseball and football, and to a lesser extent in yachting—to wit—stagnation—dank and unwholesome.

CANOEING HAS BEEN SPARED more than any other sport the visitations of the sporting vampire, and yet its life hung in the balance for two years because of him. It is the least profitable field for the pot-hunter; yet none is too poor to escape his greed. And all under the guise of racing! Twelve years ago few canoes carried over 75 square feet of sail; but to-day 150 feet is common, owing to the complete change in build and rig of canoes and the evolution of the racer. Before '86 the canoe sailor-man sat in his craft and carried ballast; but in that year Mr. Barney created a revolution by not only discarding ballast, but by sitting on the deck and making shifting ballast of himself. Naturally this caused a readjustment of rig, and resulted beneficially for the sport, as legitimate improvements always do.

In '87 the appearance of *Pecowsic* and *Lacowsic* marked the beginning of the racing-machine. These were narrow and wet, and unsuited for cruising or anything but mere racing. Further evolution was slow until the '90's. The sails, which went from lug to gunter and leg-o'-mutton, back to lug again, occupying most attention. But in '90, '91, and '92 the machine reached its greatest popularity, and the racing at the meets was confined to the few men whose bank accounts permitted the annual demand of a new freak. Thus the machine having run its course, during which the majority of canoe-men retired from active participation, the sport languished, and the meets of '94 and '95 were the poorest the Association had ever given. But it seems the love of the sport is too genuine among canoe-men to permit them to remain inactive, and this year witnessed a return of great interest.

THERE WERE BUT TWO NEW CANOES at Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River, where the meet was held this year—*Mab* in the sailing events, and owned by that clever Canadian sailor C. E. Archibald, and one in the trophy paddling event, owned by W. C. Noack, of Detroit. The surprising and entirely pleasing feature of the meet was that although these new canoes won on every occasion, there was no lack of interest in the performances of the others. Several of the veteran experts were entered in the various events—Paul Butler, H. L. Quick, C. E. Archibald, J. R. Stewart, Butler Ames, and F. C. Moore—and a few of the crack canoes of the last few years were also in evidence—*Wasp*, *Bee*, *Bug*, *Torment*, and *Eclipse*.

The trophy sailing race had thirteen starters, and was won by Archibald in *Mab*, by nearly two minutes, from Butler in *Bug*, the others being distanced. The trophy paddling race ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles) Mr. Noack won easily, sitting on the bottom of his canoe, instead of in the usual kneeling position. *Mab* again won in the "unlimited" (6 miles) from Mr. Moore in *Pioneer*, by only 30 seconds, as well as capturing the Champlain Cup ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles) and the Orillia Cup ($7\frac{1}{2}$ miles). Stewart won the record sailing (3 miles) in *Az Iz*; and Moore, with *Pioneer*, the Dolphin trophy ($7\frac{1}{2}$ miles). Sparrow in *Eel* captured the record paddling ($\frac{1}{2}$ mile). The club sailing event ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles) was won by the Vesper Club—Butler, Ames, and Gage, in *Bug*, *Wasp*, and *Bee*—which won 37 points to 27 of Yonkers, 23 of Irondequoit, 15 of New York, and 8 of Brooklyn.

THE MEET DEMONSTRATED—first and last—that the extreme type of racing-machine has had its day, and the returning interest of canoe-men is earnest that we shall have some much-needed prohibitive legislation and a new and more rational type in the near future. What is especially required is proscription of sail area exceeding 120 to 130 square feet, of abnormal outboard length of sliding seat, of canoes built with extreme V sections and cockpits of wash-bowl dimensions. Given level-headed legislation, and we shall see next year the most successful meet in the Association's history.

THE OPEN TOURNAMENTS of the closing lawn-tennis year have at least determined the relative ranking of those promising young leaders of the second class, Fritz Ward, G. L. Wrenn, Jun., M. D. Whitman, G. P. Sheldon, Jun., and L. E. Ware. We have been seeking all season an adjustment of this matter, but it has remained for the Niagara and Toronto tournaments to supply us with the needed data. At Niagara, two weeks ago, Ward definitely settled who was entitled to first honors among the five by defeating every one of the other four. But we had no meeting between Whitman and Ware, and Whitman and Sheldon, until the Toronto tournament provided it. In the semi-final round of this tournament Whitman met Ware and beat him 6–1, 6–2, much too easily, for Ware can play better than he did on this occasion. He is usually strong in covering his court, but against Whitman he was particularly weak in this respect.

In the final round Whitman met and defeated also Sheldon, 6–3, 8–6, 1–6, 6–1, after the best match of the tournament. It was a constant struggle between the two for possession of the net, and much brilliant play resulted. Sheldon's smashing was hard and effective, but Whitman's peculiarly puzzling service and his accurate driving gave his opponent little opportunity to employ his strongest strokes. Furthermore, Whitman showed in his games against Ware and Sheldon that he knew more tennis than either of his opponents. Thus the ranking of this leading class of the second division becomes Ward, G. L. Wrenn, Jun., Whitman, Sheldon, and Ware.

Incidentally, the Toronto tournament offered an opportunity of studying the form of the Pacific Northwest coast champion, J. Foulkes. He defeated Avery of Detroit, who was beaten in the preliminary round at Newport by C. A. Gould, an indifferent performer; but Ware beat him in the open scratch singles, and again, owing quarter fifteen, defeated him in straight sets in the handicap tournament. Once again East and West met for honors, and victory went to the East by Ware and Sheldon defeating Foulkes and Avery in the doubles 6–1, 6–1, 6–4.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION championships, decided Saturday last on Manhattan Field, was the most pleasing meeting we have had since the blight which fell upon amateur athletics several years ago. Not that the entries were so numerous, nor the performances remarkable. Indeed, except in the quarter, half, and one-mile runs and the one-mile walk, none of the performances was high class, and several were hardly above mediocrity. But the gratifying features were some fifty more entries than recorded in the championships of '95, and the appearance of a number of comparatively new men, and the improved form of the second class. In other words, the meeting revealed an awakening interest all along the line, and most wholesome, because among the lower (in point of skill) grade of performers.

THE MOST STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS of this athletic renaissance, so to say, were furnished by the New York Athletic Club, with its large number of second and third place winners, and by the Knickerbocker Athletic Club, which in so short a period of activity has done so much. Of the two the K. A. C. deserves the more credit. Six months ago this club was an unknown quantity in competitive athletics, and without an active athlete on its membership roll. On Saturday it had a starter in nine of the sixteen events, and secured first in the low hurdles and high jump, second in the high hurdles, and third in the broad jump. Not a notable record in itself, but praiseworthy when it is considered that the K. A. C. has not, after the custom of the day, purloined prize-winners of other clubs, nor attached athletes of adjacent States, who ought to remain loyal to their local organizations. To have adhered to wholesome methods while enveloped by an atmosphere laden with illegitimate influences deserves highest commendation, and merits the success it is sure to achieve.

IT IS DEEPLY REGRETTABLE that a club which so pre-eminently outranks all others in equipment and record, and withal has done so much for track athletics in this country as the New York A. C., should not evince consideration of its position and influence beyond the mere scoring of points. The impressment of non-resident athletes in defiance of the unequivocal ruling of the A. A. U. is certainly undignified, to speak moderately, of a club so puissant. To presume on its power to disregard rules which weaker clubs dare not disobey is hardly an honorable manner of attaining celebrity. When such strength might be used for the welfare of general athletics, it seems too bad it should be employed largely as a menace to the encouragement of the sport in less favored localities. Wefers, Orton, Gray, Remington, Kilpatrick, might each have served as a nucleus for a prosperous club in his respective habitat, had he not been gathered in by the N. Y. A. C. Nothing so surely kills athletics as for rich clubs to grab, as quickly as discovered, the promising men of less opulent clubs. When this pursuit is carried into territory beyond legitimate recruiting limits, its withering effect is of course the more widespread and harmful. The conservative element in the N. Y. A. C., appreciate, I think, the power the club can wield for the encouragement or discouragement of American athletics, now in this hour of its need, and I rather expect some evidence shortly of a new spirit that will rise above the mere ambition of scoring points.

THE ONLY STIRRING RACE on Saturday was the quarter, in which Wefers, N. Y. A. C., entered to beat Burke, B. A. A., but was defeated by four yards in .48$\frac{4}{5}$, Burke never being headed from start to finish. Wefers won both sprints easily in .10$\frac{1}{5}$ and .23, and Kilpatrick, N. Y. A. C., had as little difficulty in taking the half-mile (1.57$\frac{2}{5}$) from Hipple, N. Y. A. C., the most interesting feature of this event being the excellent showing of E. M. Power, Jun., Pittsburg, who ran third. S. Liebgold, P. A. C., won the one and three mile walks (6.53 and 24.24$\frac{4}{5}$); George Gray, N. Y. A. C., the shot, 44.3$\frac{1}{2}$; Mitchell (who is now representing his fourth club, the Pastime), the hammer (134.8$\frac{3}{4}$), and weight (30.7); Orton, N. Y. A. C., the one-mile run (4.27); and Hjertberg, N. J. A. C., the three miles (16.31$\frac{2}{5}$); W. B. Rogers, N. J. A. C., high hurdles (.16$\frac{1}{5}$); and Jerome Buck, K. A. C., low hurdles (.25$\frac{4}{5}$); Dawson, N. Y. A. C., two-mile bicycle (5.35$\frac{2}{5}$); Bloss, N. Y. A. C., broad jump (22); Powell, K. A. C., high jump (5.9$\frac{1}{2}$). In jumping off tie for second place Clark, B. A. A., beat Fitzgerald, N. A. C., and also cleared 5.9$\frac{1}{4}$. F. W. Allis, Yale, pole vault (10.6). In deciding a tie for third place in this event, Hamilton, N. J. A. C., and Hurlbut, N. Y. A. C., both reached 10.9, where the latter failed, and Hamilton finally cleared 11, and won third prize.

The New York A. C. won 62 points; New Jersey A. C., 26; Pastime A. C., 20; and Knickerbocker A. C., 13.

OF THE YOUNG MEN'S GYMNASTIC CLUB delegation from New Orleans, E. J. Miltenberger won third in the hammer (118.8$\frac{1}{4}$) and third in weight (25.5$\frac{1}{2}$). The New York A. C. did not get a place in the one or three mile walk, the 120 or 220 yard hurdles, the 16-lb. hammer, 56-lb. weight, or running high jump.

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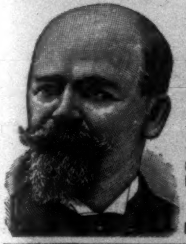

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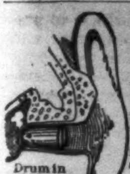

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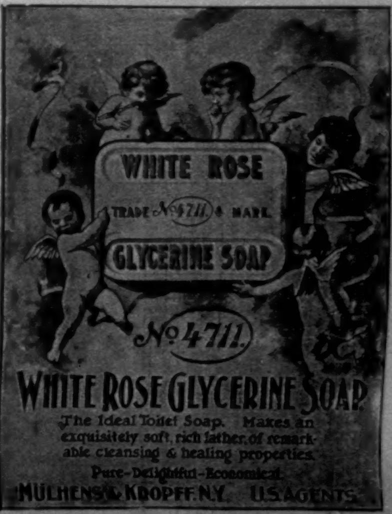

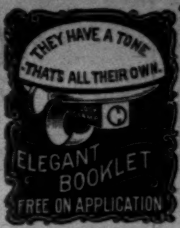

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